

*John Bull 913 Strand*  
**PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.**



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ONE PENNY.



THE DOUBLE MURDER AT BOULOGNE. (See page 386.)

1. The Castle where the Murderer is Confined.—2. The Palais de Justice, where he was Examined.—3. The Hospital where the Children were Taken.—4. View of the Liane River, where the Bodies were Discovered.



## Notes of the Week.

THE annual distribution of prizes competed for and won by the members of the London Rifle Brigade took place on Saturday at the Crystal Palace. It is rather curious that this corps, which especially represents in the volunteer force the great City of London, should hold its annual meeting at a distance of six miles from its headquarters, while in almost every other instance the ceremony of distributing prizes is performed in the district to which the particular corps is attached. It would seem to be more appropriate to invite the City of London Rifles to Guildhall rather than to compel the Lord Mayor to meet them on a winter's day at Sydenham. The ceremony on Saturday took place in front of the Handel Orchestra, which was handsomely decorated, and the fortunate winners received their respective rewards from the hands of the Lady Mayoress. Among those who occupied places near her ladyship were Lady Harriet Warde, the Lord Mayor, the Sheriff, Aldermen Dakin and Besley, Mr. Alderman Rose, M.P. (major in the London Rifle Brigade), Mr. Alderman Pinnis, Colonel Erskine, Deputy-Inspector of Volunteers, Colonel Wilkinson, Rev. Dr. Mortimer, &c. The prizes, which were numerous, and of a varied character, exceeding £700 in value, were exhibited upon tables on either hand of the Lady Mayoress, and among the contributors were the Merchant Tailors, the Clothworkers, the Grocers, the Fishmongers, the Vintners, and the Drapers' Companies, but there was still noticeable the absence of the great names associated with the wealthy commerce of the city of London, Messrs. Silver being almost the only representatives of that numerous class who might be expected to take an especial interest in this City corps of volunteers. The list of prizes and of prize winners was too long for quotation, and it must suffice to state that among the most successful members of the corps were Private Wyatt (winner of the Queen's prize at Wimbledon), Colour-Sergeants Phythian, Stuckey, Churchill, and Cross, Corporal Wortham, Privates Cranwell, Stanford, and Butler. The prize given to the best shot in the brigade fell to the lot of Private Wyatt, whose appearance upon the platform was hailed by his comrades with loud and continued cheers. One prize was given by the father of the late Ensign Banister, "in remembrance of the many happy hours spent by his late son in the London Rifle Brigade."

On Saturday morning, during the time that several hundred convicts were employed in the dockyard extension works at St. Mary's Island, Chatham, one of their number, a convict named Charles Cooke, succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the keepers and effecting his escape. Immediately he was missed steps were taken to effect his capture, and a numerous body of police, under the orders of Superintendent Strength, commenced scouring the island and adjacent neighbourhood. After some few hours' search the convict was at length discovered concealed in an old brick-kiln at the extremity of the island, when he was at once dragged from his hiding-place and conveyed back to the prison. Notwithstanding the numerous attempts at escape made by the convicts at Chatham, only one of their number has succeeded in getting away without having been subsequently captured.

On Monday evening, Mr. John Humphreys, the corner for Eastern Middlesex, held an inquest at the Eagle Tavern, Tottenham, on the body of a young man which was found decapitated and terribly mangled on the Great Eastern Railway. John Perry, signal maker to the Great Eastern Railway Company, stated that on Friday morning week, at about a quarter to five o'clock, he was walking on the line near Tottenham Station, when he saw the head of a man in the "four-foot" of the down line, and on looking about he found the trunk lying on the signal wires. From the position of the head and body he was of opinion that the head must have been cut off by a down train. Robert Bidgway, labourer, of the Tottenham Station of the Great Eastern Company, corroborated the last witness's evidence. Mr. William Hall, M.R.C.S., of Tottenham, stated that he was called to the body before it was disturbed, and from the position of the arms and the body, he had not the slightest doubt that the suicide was a premeditated act. The hat of the deceased was placed by his side, and his arms had been calmly folded. From the rigidity of the body and by the congealing of the blood, witnesses judged that the act had been done the previous night. Death must have been instantaneous. Mr. George Archer, of Brook-street, Clapton, stated that deceased was his son, Joseph Archer, and was formerly a Post-office carrier, but was discharged because it was certified that he was deranged. Witness believed that the derangement was brought on through disappointed affection, and a watch was for a long time kept over the actions of deceased; but as he had lately seemed better that watch had not been so strictly observed. The witness narrated several acts of eccentricity on the part of his son, and the jury at once agreed to a verdict to the effect "That the deceased committed suicide while in an unsound state of mind."

On Sunday evening, about eight o'clock, a fire broke out at the works of Messrs. J. and E. Wright, rope and patent telegraph cable manufacturers, situated in Glenside-road, West Ferry-road, Millwall. The premises were of considerable extent, and covered a large area of ground, some of the buildings being fitted with intricate and costly machinery for the manufacture of ropes. At the time before stated the private watchman had his attention drawn to a strong glare in one of the store-rooms, and on closer examination he found the place to be on fire. Owing to a large portion of the stock consisting of hemp and flax, the fire extended rapidly, the several store-rooms soon being in flames. It then spread to the offices and the manufactory, and also a large store of pitch and tar, in all about 500 barrels. The Millwall Volunteer Fire Brigade, with Mr. Roberts, their chief, promptly attended, and exerted themselves very creditably, but the flames, fanned by the wind, took possession of the rope ground, which is of great length, and about 280 ft. was destroyed. It also extended to the engine-house and burnt the roof off, and also the roof of the tarring-house. By this time the London Brigade had arrived and succeeded in extinguishing the flames. Although a considerable part of the property is consumed, yet a very large and important portion of the works has escaped, so that the business of the firm will not suffer. The property is insured in the Royal, Commercial, and other offices.

On Monday morning, Cardinal Wiseman officiated at a solemn mass of requiem, celebrated by the Knights and members of the St. Military Order of St. John of Jerusalem. In their new church in Great Ormond-street, for the repose of the soul of the late Venerable Bailly, county Colerado, lieutenant of the Grand Mastery of the Order. The members of this order were known as the Brother Hospitaliers, also as the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, the Knights of Rhodes, and, lastly, as the Knights of Malta. The order was established in Jerusalem after the taking of that city by the Crusaders, in 1092, by Gerard Tour. His intention was to provide hospitality for pilgrims and attendants while sick, and to cure their maladies. Under Raymond Dupuy, in 1121, the knights defended themselves by force of arms against the infidels, and thus became at once a religious and military body. When Saladin took Jerusalem in 1188 they retired first to Acre, and afterwards to Rhodes, in 1310. Driven from this island after a long siege and memorable defence, they established themselves in 1530 in the island of Malta, which Charles V. had ceded to them. The music was that of Mozart's "Requiem," with full instrumental accompaniment, and it was very solemnly rendered. The church was crowded with well-dressed people in every variety of colour, mourning habiliments being strictly prohibited by the order.

## Foreign News.

## POLAND.

An imperial decree has been issued, closing certain convents in Poland. It orders that all Catholic monasteries and convents having less than eight members, and also those whose participation in the late insurrection was notorious, or has since been proved, are to be immediately closed. The inmates may enter other religious establishments, or will be allowed to go abroad at the public expense.

The religious establishments which are not suppressed by this decree are forbidden to maintain relations with either the provincials or generals of their orders.

The confiscated property of the monasteries and convents will be exclusively devoted to ecclesiastical, educational, and charitable purposes.

In pursuance of this decree, seventy-one monasteries and four convents have been closed on account of not possessing the requisite number of inmates, and thirty-nine other religious houses on account of participation in the Polish insurrection.

The *Breslau Gazette* says:—"General Berg has received instructions to forward shortly to his Government a report upon the general situation of the kingdom of Poland, and to state whether there is any possibility of provisionally raising the state of siege in certain districts. General Berg is also instructed to cause an address to be signed, requesting the complete incorporation of the kingdom of Poland with the Russian empire."

## GERMANY.

## THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN QUESTION.

The *National Zeitung* says:—"A plenipotentiary extraordinary left here (Berlin) yesterday for Dresden and Hanover, to demand the evacuation of Holstein by the Saxon and Hanoverian troops."

An article on the Schleswig question says:—"To bring about a solution of the question of the Duchies in an amicable manner appears the more necessary, since to attempt to solve it on purely legal grounds might lead to no result whatever. Claims have been made to both Duchies, and this fact has established a competition between the right obtained from Denmark by Prussia and Austria and that of the claimants. The chief obstacle to the satisfactory conclusion of the negotiations is not the existence of any difference of opinion on the subject between Prussia and Austria, but the protracted stay of the execution troops in the Duchies. So long as the States engaged in the execution decline to evacuate Holstein, so long has Prussia determined to enter into no decisive negotiations on the future destinies of the Duchies."

## AMERICA.

A large mass of the Republican party paid a visit to the White House at Washington, to congratulate President Lincoln on his re-election, and after the bands had performed patriotic airs, President Lincoln appeared at the window over the grand entrance, and was enthusiastically cheered by the immense crowd assembled. The President then addressed them as follows:—

"It has long been a grave question whether any Government not too strong for the liberties of the people can be strong enough to maintain its own existence in great emergencies. On this point the present rebellion brought our republic to a severe test, and a presidential election occurring in regular course during the rebellion, added not a little to the strain. If the loyal people united were put to the utmost of their strength by the rebellion, must they not fall when divided and partially paralyzed by a political war among themselves? But the election was a necessity. We cannot have free government without elections, and if the rebellion could force us to forego or postpone a national election, it might fairly claim to have already conquered and ruined us. The strife of the election is but human nature practically applied to the facts of the case. What has occurred in this case must ever recur in similar cases. Human nature will not change. In any future great national trial, compared with the men of this, we shall have as weak and as strong, as silly and as wise, as bad and as good. Let us, therefore, study the incidents of this as philosophy to learn wisdom from, and none of them as wrongs to be avenged. (Cheers.) But the election, along with its incidental and undesirable strife, has done good too. It has demonstrated that a people's Government can sustain a national election in the midst of a great civil war. (Renewed cheers.) Until now it has not been known to the world that this was a possibility. It shows also how sound and how strong we still are. It shows that, even among the candidates of the same party, he who is most devoted to the Union and most opposed to treason can receive most of the people's votes. (Applause.) It shows, also, to the extent yet known, that we have more men now than we had when the war began. Gold is good in its place; but living, brave, and patriotic men are better than gold. (Cheers and other demonstrations of applause.) But the rebellion continues, and now that the election is over, may not all having a common interest reunite in a common effort to save our common country? (Cheers.) For my own part, I have striven and shall strive to avoid placing any obstacle in the way. (Cheers.) So long as I have been here I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom. While I am duly sensible to the high compliment of a re-election, and duly grateful, as I trust, to Almighty God for having directed my countrymen to a right conclusion, as I think, for their good, it adds nothing to my satisfaction that any other man may be disappointed by the result. (Cheers.) May I ask those who have not differed from me to join with me in the same spirit towards those who have? And now let me close by asking three hearty cheers for our brave soldiers and seamen, and their gallant and skillful commanders."

News from New York to the 18th says:—"Nothing official has been received from Sherman this week. The Western press assert that after destroying the public buildings, manufactories, the defensive works, and the railroad north and south of Atlanta, he moved southward from the city with 50,000 men, carrying thirty days' rations. It is reported that he is marching on Macon and Augusta, on his way to strike Charleston and Savannah. It is reported that Wheeler's cavalry made a dash into Atlanta when nearly all the Federal troops had left the city. Hood's army is estimated at 30,000 men, and is reported to be concentrated at Florence, in Alabama. Southern papers assert that Forrest has destroyed or captured, at Johnstonville, fourteen transports, four gunboats, thirty-three cannon, and stores worth 3,000,000 dollars. The Southern press ridicule Sherman's reported movement on Charleston. If true, they predict his failure."

NARROW ESCAPE OF LORD GROSVENOR.—On Friday evening the above nobleman left Vale Royal for Calveley Hall, en route for Grew, in a double-horse chaise. It being dark, the wheels of the carriage got into a deep gutter, and threw the driver off the box, the wheels passing over his arm. The valet jumped off to pick up the driver, when all at once the spirited horses ran away at a terrific speed. His lordship fledged how matters stood, leaped from the inside with great difficulty. The horses proceeded on through the Over and Wottonhall districts by Calveley Hall, up Beam-ara-h, Nantwich-college, through Beam-street and the Pig-market, and were secured near to the Crown Hotel. They had run ten miles without a driver, and in the midst of the greatest darkness, without so much as breaking a strap. There was a quantity of valuable luggage in the travelling carriage. Lord Grosvenor sustained no personal injury beyond a severe shaking.—*Liverpool Courier*

## THE DOUBLE CHILD MURDER AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

On our first page we give an engraving of the principal scenes in connexion with the tragic affair at Boulogne. A letter in our contemporary, the *Era*, gives the following particulars:—

"Leducq, who destroyed his two children, has confessed his crime. He was, notwithstanding, brought up to the Palais de Justice again to be further questioned. A considerable crowd waited in front of the 'Place' to see his egress from the Court-house; and as violence was apprehended he was removed by a side door, and escorted by the gendarmes along the ramparts, a very circuitous route, back again to the prison. The crime of this man is of the worst description, and public indignation has gained strength rather than otherwise by his confession. According to his own account he took the two poor children that gloomy raw November evening down the quays to a secluded bank of the Liane River, and drowned them both, making a vain effort to drown himself also. But his appearance directly after the murder negatived entirely the truth of his alleged attempt at self-destruction. His clothes were wet, but only partially so. His wife, an honest, hard-working woman, holding a respectable position in her sphere of life here, testifies that his trousers were wet no further than the knees, and the shirt which he still wears appears to have been saturated with muddy water, and dried afterwards from the waist to the elbow only. None of his garments bear a trace of entire immersion. The Liane at the bankside is shallow, with occasional pits, and it is perfectly obvious that he must have held the children forcibly down beneath the surface to effect their suffocation. Their death by simple drowning was plain enough. They had no other marks of injury or violence on their bodies, excepting a few nail scratches on the face of the elder child, the result of his being able to struggle a little against his unnatural parent's hideous death grip. Distress is the motive alleged by the murderer for an act without a parallel, except in that of the Road murder. He could gain no employment, his children were threatened by starvation, his wife had discarded them and him, and the evil one tempted him to a devil's act. But even this motive is without palliation. He had deserted his wife and legitimate children (two grown-up daughters). He lived in sin with a woman whom he had seduced; and these two poor innocents were the victims of parental misconduct—the old story. Their mother resides in Biggin-street, Dover, where she keeps, or has kept, a small green-grocer's shop. Her maiden name was Anne Campbell. We understand she had been a fellow-servant with Leducq at Jersey, at which place he passed himself off as a single man, and induced her to marry him. He subsequently took her to London, and afterwards to Dover; and had thus two wives, French and English, gaining his livelihood as a valet in an English family, as courier also, and as waiter at the Etablissement here last season. It is not thought that Anne Campbell is an accomplice in this terrible crime. It is believed rather that she had been duped into parting with her children, for they were in excellent health, plump in body, quite cleanly, comfortably, and even warmly, clad. When found, the younger boy, a remarkably fine little fellow, had gloved hands, and wore polished shoes. The appearance of this child in particular, lying in sleep, with half-parted lips, a very clear complexion, and dazzling fair hair, powerfully affected all who saw it. They were buried on Friday. A requisition has been made by the authorities here to the proper quarter in England for the compulsory attendance of Anne Campbell as witness in this case. In the meantime she has made a statement to the magistrates' clerk at Dover, which has been forwarded to the authorities at Boulogne. She states that Leducq was her husband, and that he has given way to violent fits of temper; that he has often drawn a razor across her throat, threatening to murder her, and that he has offered to kill her two children, unless she permitted him to take them away with him. Having been out of employment for some time the woman says that her husband left his home at Dover, with the view of getting work at Boulogne. He wanted her to accompany him; but as she is near her confinement, she expressed her wish to remain at Dover for a short time, and she would then follow him. He, however, persisted in taking with him his two children, and he proceeded to Folkestone with the view of getting to Boulogne in the steamer which plies between the ports."

"He will be tried at the Assize Court at St. Omer, about Dec. 15th, and will probably be acquitted, as there can be no extenuating circumstances in such a case. He is a small, square-built man, with a low forehead, long nose, deep set eyes, and a crafty, shifting expression."

## A TERRIFIC FIRE.

THE other evening a tremendous fire, only to be paralleled by those that destroyed Penning's and Topping's wharves on the river side, broke out on the premises of Messrs. Barry and Brothers, wharfingers and saltpetre merchants, Mill-street, Dockhead, Bermondsey, lately in the occupation of Messrs. Meriton and Hagen, and known as the Suffernace Wharves, Bermondsey. These wharves are situated in one of the most confined but busiest localities on the water-side. The factory in which the fire broke out contained many thousand tons of saltpetre, and as the configuration gained an ascendancy between seven and eight o'clock, the effect of it, both as a spectacle and as a destructive agency, was fearful in the extreme. A strong wind was raging from south-east to south-west, and as the powder-piles and blocks of saltpetre caught fire from interval to interval there arose immense volumes of fire, now red, now white, now blue, and then blending into one burst all the colours of the rainbow, illuminating the air round about, and scattering the smoke and ashes and sparks upon the factories and buildings in the immediate neighbourhood. The total loss, it is computed by those connected with the insurance offices, will amount to about £250,000, and nearly the whole of the metropolitan and provincial fire insurance companies will be sufferers to a more or less extent by the catastrophe.

THE GALLIES AND THE SACRAMENT.—The Rev. J. Corbin writing to the *Patriot* respecting the monstrous parody of the most sacred things which was exhibited in administering the Sacrament to a murderer on a recent occasion, and the question that has been raised, whether it was not regarded as a mystic charm without which he could not enter into heaven, and with which his chances of retribution were somewhat less, says:—"Whatever may be the opinion of those who give it, there can be no doubt that those who receive it look at it in that light. A very remarkable illustration of this I once received from my late venerable colleague, the Rev. James Gawthorn, of Derby. A criminal whose name was Webster had been found guilty of poisoning two women. The poison was intended by him for a man who held a note of his, but the water into which it was put was drunk by two women both of whom, I think, died. This criminal was convicted and condemned. While awaiting his execution, Mr. Gawthorn visited him in Derby Gaol. The prison chaplain at that time was a Rev. Mr. Bailey and the sheriff was Sir Sitwell Sitwell. The prisoner, like Butler, denied his guilt, and all the efforts made to induce him to confess were unavailing. On the morning of the execution, Mr. Gawthorn, the chaplain, and the sheriff, were with him in the goal. As he appeared determined to die with a lie upon his lips the sheriff recommended the chaplain to refuse him the Sacrament, unless on condition that he confessed his crime. The expedient succeeded; he confessed that he was guilty, and the sacred elements were administered to him. Scarcely, however, had he taken the cup from his lips before he denied his guilt as stoutly as ever, and persisted in denying it to the end."



## SHOCKING MURDER.

EDWARD WILLIAM STAPLES and James Turner, the two men against whom a verdict of wilfully murdering Caleb Fisher, a farm labourer, has been returned by the coroner's jury, were on Monday brought before Mr. C. L. Wilson and a bench of magistrates, at the Bell Hotel, Bromley, for further examination. The circumstances of this case are of the most brutal nature. The unfortunate deceased was formerly a navy; but was recently in the employ of a Mr. Jackson, a farmer, of Orpington, in Kent, as a labourer. On the night of Saturday, the 20th inst., the prisoner and the deceased, it appears, were drinking together in a public-house. A quarrel, or rather a dispute arose, but upon the advice of the police the deceased man left the prisoners, and proceeded towards Orpington on his way home. They, however, afterwards pursued him, and subsequently he was found by the police in an insensible state, in which condition he expired some twenty-four hours afterwards.

The case created much interest; the court itself, as well as its approaches, were crowded by labouring men and others, by many of whom the deceased as well as the prisoners were known.

The prisoners were placed at the bar in the custody of Sergeant Powell (the prosecutor), and Inspector Kent was present to watch the case on behalf of the police authorities; the prisoners were not legally represented.

The depositions of the different witnesses taken before the coroner having been read,

William Becker was sworn. He said: I live at Orpington. I have known the deceased for some years. The prisoners are strangers to me. I went to the Artichoke public-house on the 19th November and met Fisher there. Turner and deceased were quarrelling about working on a railway fifteen years ago. I was not in company with Turner, but I was with Fisher. I think it was about half-past ten when I went into the house. We always called the deceased "Jem," but I find his real name is Caleb. I was in his company about half an hour. When I heard the deceased and Turner first quarrelling they were standing before the bar. This was about a quarter to twelve. We afterwards went out of the house together. All that I heard in the house was deceased said he worked on the railway fifteen years ago, and Turner said he did not. When we got into the road they began quarrelling again upon the same subject. I am sure the prisoner Staples joined in the quarrel. I did not hear Staples say anything while in the house. When in the road I heard Turner call the deceased a "liar." Upon this the deceased went up to Turner and struck him in the face. Two policemen then came up. After the police came up the deceased pushed Turner again. Then Staples remarked aloud, "I would not allow a man to serve me as Fisher is serving Turner," and at the same time he attempted to pull off his coat. The police then said, "Now, Fisher, I won't have any more of this here. Go home." Fisher then said, "Yes, I will go," and then went straight up the road, saying "Good night" to the policeman. After that I went away, and saw nothing more.

The prisoner Staples here said: Did I offer to prevent the man going home?

Witness: No.

Did you see me pull my jacket off?—You made the attempt.

Prisoner: No, I did not.

Frederick Brooke Fulcher, surgeon, of Orpington, said: I attended the deceased up to his death. I afterwards made a post-mortem examination, in conjunction with Dr. Ingleheart. On removing the scalp we found a fracture of the temporal bone, and a fracture of the left frontal bone, extending upwards about an inch and a quarter. The principal injuries were inflicted on this part. On the surface on the top of the brain were found about an ounce and a half or two ounces of coagulated blood, and the whole of the brain was more or less congested, having the appearance of liver. The posterior part of the orbit of the left eye was filled with coagulated blood, and the pupil of the right eye totally insensible to light, occasioned from injuries received during life. On the left side of the lower jaw there was a severe fracture; the heart was rather large, filled with venous blood, fatty at the base, but otherwise healthy. The lungs were healthy, but congested, which would not be caused by the blows. Death was the result of injuries inflicted by some mechanical means.

By the magistrates: I do not think the injuries I have described could have been caused by one blow. I think the deceased was first struck on the jaw, from the fact of there being bruised blood beneath the skin, and then kicked in the eye.

The magistrate (to Inspector Kent): Did the deceased speak at any time after he was found? No, sir, not a word. He was for twenty-four hours a living-dead man.

Rebecca Fisher, the wife of the deceased, was called. She appeared very ill, and was deeply affected by the loss of her husband. She said, I was present when my husband was brought home. He was totally insensible, and never spoke a word.

Emanuel Seal said: The deceased only had 2d. in his pocket.

Inspector Kent: There has been no charge of robbery made.

Rebecca Fisher recalled: I left my husband at ten o'clock that night, and he then had only 1s. in his possession.

The prisoners, after being cautioned in the usual way, and severally asked if they wished to say anything,

Staples said: The man was drunk, and I found him at Dr. Jackson's, and I never touched him at all. I was going that way home. That's all I have to say.

The prisoner Turner said: I was coming out of the Artichoke public-house, and I see the man standing in the road. He seemed to be very tipsy. He was quite a stranger to me. He asked me if I worked on the railroad, and I said, "Yes." He said "So have I, fifteen years ago." I then told him he was a liar, and he said if I told him that again he would hit me. I repeated I did not think he had worked that time on the railroad. Then he hit me on the back of the head with his fist. Staples cried out, "Don't hit him, he's drunk." I says, "I shan't hit the man." He went away from me then, but which way he went I can't say. I did not notice. We stood there a minute or two considering which way we had better go home. Staples said, "We had better go on the road because it is dark." We then started away home. We got a little way on the road, I don't know how far we had got, but I said, "Staples, who's this lying here?" Staples said, "I don't know." I shouted out, I said, "Get up, here's a policeman coming," and I went and lifted his head up, and I saw it was all covered with blood. I said, "Well, let him stop till the policeman come." I saw there were two following us behind. The policeman then fetched some water, and I washed the man's face. Then he was carried over, and put on the side of the road till the doctor came. Then they took me in charge and locked me up. That's all I have to say.

Sergeant Powell recalled: I made a search, but found no stick or any instrument on the prisoners. The way the men were going was their direct way home.

The magistrate then said: Edward William Staples and Charles James Turner, the decision of the bench is that you both stand committed for wilful murder to the next assizes.

The unfortunate woman who is thus suddenly deprived of her husband and protector, is about thirty-six years of age. She has four young children, the eldest being seven years old, and she is expected shortly to be confined, and is totally unprovided for.

## THE MURDER AT SUNNING-HILL PARK.

On Monday at noon, Frederick Croft, alias William Smith, was brought before the sitting magistrates at the county police-station, Maidenhead, charged with the murder of Elizabeth Butler, at Mr. Crutchley's lodge, Sunning-hill Park, Berks, on the 15th of October. The court was densely crowded.

Soon after twelve o'clock the prisoner, who is apparently about thirty-five years of age, tall, with black hair and whiskers, and of a rather forbidding appearance, was brought into court, having been re-apprehended at Aylesbury on the expiration of his month's imprisonment on the charge of vagrancy.

Colonel Blandy, chief constable of Berks, was in attendance to prefer the charge.

The first witness examined was William Kentish, who said he was a carrier between Sunning-hill and Windsor. Remembered the 15th October; he was on a journey from Sunning-hill to Windsor. He started from Sunning-hill about ten o'clock. He saw the old lady at the lodge at half-past twelve. She was in her usual state of health. She stooped with age, but was hearty and hale. Mr. Crutchley's lodge was in the parish of Winkfield. After he left he went to Windsor. She was housekeeper to a man named Mansey. The two lived in the lodge by themselves. The lodge is in a lonely place on the top of a hill, the high road sloping both ways from it. When he got back, at 5.30 p.m., he went into the kitchen, and put the paper down on the table. The lodge was on the left hand side on going into Mr. Crutchley's park. The lodge had but one door, with a bedroom on the left side; in fact, the building consisted of only two rooms, with a little pantry in front of the door, the sitting-room being on the right. On entering the lodge the whole of the house can be seen. There were some sheds and a pigsty behind. The pantry door was open, but he did not see her as he went into the sitting-room, but as he was returning from that room he observed her sitting on the floor of the pantry. He then heard a groan, and, turning round, saw her in the pantry doorway, with her back towards him, swaying backwards and forwards. He asked her what was the matter, when she said, "Oh, Christ God!" He also asked her if any one had been ill-using her, and she uttered the same words, "Oh, Christ God!" He then went off to the farm, which was about 400 yards from the lodge, and in Mr. Crutchley's park. There he saw Mr. Crutchley's cowman, William Pendry, and two ladies. They accompanied him to the lodge, when he pointed out the old lady. The cowman asked her what was the matter, and she again uttered the words, "Oh, Christ God!" She was still in the same posture. After this he was obliged to leave and go on his journey.

He noticed blood behind her on the ground on the left, and a pall upset on the right. He did not see any mark, because the cap was on her head. If he were standing outside the lodge gate he could see each way for 200 yards. Just before he came to the lodge he met a man and woman with a little dog about 300 yards coming from the cottage. He would not know them again. The man was tall and stout, and the woman in proportion. They looked like tramps. The man wore a light dress, the dog was a very small one, but the witness could not describe it. He did not notice if the man had a stick. It was about dusk. He was obliged to get out of the way, in consequence of meeting a furniture van, and so did not notice particularly.

Mr. Superintendent Iremonger here said that he had asked the driver of the furniture van, which belonged to a person at Windsor, and he had not noticed the two tramps referred to.

Examination continued: Witness was so frightened at the sight that he did not look much about him.

Dr. Tom Smith Hewitt was then examined, and said that he lived at Winkfield. He was called to Elizabeth Butler about six o'clock in the evening. When he went there he found deceased supported by two women. The cap, which was not cut through was saturated with blood. He removed her cap. There were two wounds on the head, and also an extensive bruise over the right eye, which could be seen without removing the cap. These were two contused and lacerated wounds. They were on the left side of the middle line of the head. One was a little before and the other posterior. Both of these wounds were comminuted, with fracture of the skull. The instrument with which they were inflicted must have been heavy and blunt. He stayed with her about half an hour till she died, which took place at about a quarter to seven. He saw the pool of blood, which was still fluid, on the ground; and on the middle panel of the door of the pantry. The blood had begun to congeal when he arrived, but was still fluid. Blood would begin to congeal in about half an hour. The blood on the door was where she had evidently supported her head. He arrived at the lodge a few minutes past six, and the woman died at twenty minutes to seven. A poker or well-seasoned piece of wood might have been used to produce the wounds. A chopper would have done it: The blows were probably struck from the left side. The bruise over the eyebrow might have been caused by the fall of the deceased's body upon the ground. The blows he believed must have been given from behind by a person on the left side, and as though at the time the deceased was retreating from the door. The blows could not have been caused by any fall in that place. He attributed her death to these wounds.

Kentish was re-examined, and said he left Windsor about a quarter past three.

Frederick Smith deposed that he was coachman to Lady Wiltshire, and lived at Winkfield. He remembered seeing the prisoner at the bar begging on the 15th of October, the day of the murder. He was begging at Lady Wiltshire's house about noon. He had a woman, who was pitted with the small-pox, and a little dog with him at the time. The woman and dog he left at the gate. The dog was a brown smooth terrier, with white spots under the chest. He seemed to leave and turn to the right, which would be going towards the direction of Mrs. Butler's, though he might have gone in another direction. About five o'clock the same day he saw him again coming down the road leading to the lodge where the deceased was murdered. From his gate he could see whence he came. That man (the prisoner) had a woman with him. He had a short thick stick with a knot at the end under his arm. They went on towards Windsor. The woman was about forty yards behind him. She was the same woman he had seen in the morning. When he saw him in the morning he had a blue serge frock, and he then noticed that the woman was marked with the small-pox. The man's clothes were different to what they were in the morning. In the morning he was dressed as follows:—He had a black cloth cap, with a peak, a blue serge frock, a pink striped shirt and red handkerchiefs loose round his neck, and a pair of dark fustian trousers, much worn, and also a pair of laced-up boots. At five o'clock he had the same frock, but a white frock was now over the blue. In the morning he saw that he had a white sloop under the blue. About an hour and a half after he saw them he heard of the murder. The prisoner was an old one. It was torn on the left side.

The sloop, which was old and much worn, produced, and answered the description given by the last witness.

Witness's examination continued: He heard prisoner say to the woman at five o'clock as he was passing, "Come on, you —. You want them to overtake us." Witness then thought that they were pursued by the keepers. Prisoner seemed much confused, and was walking very quickly.

Robert Faulkner said he lived at Spital-road, Windsor, and was a blacksmith. He saw the prisoner on the 15th October close to Captain Johnson's. Witness was going to Fern-hill and met him. Prisoner was going towards Windsor. That was about seven o'clock in the evening. The prisoner was coming towards the

Shooting Tree, in a direction from Captain Johnson's. It was then getting dusk. Prisoner had a woman and a dog with him. Witness was going, with a friend who was in the cart, to Fern-hill, and after putting him down at Mr. Nelson's turned round towards Windsor, and overtook prisoner between the Shooting Tree and High Standing-hill, near the bridge. The woman asked him to give them a lift. He first stopped the pony, and was going on again. The man then stepped by the side of the cart, and took hold of the shaft and said, "Don't you intend giving us a ride, then, young man?" Witness then told him they might get up. The woman got up first, and sat by witness's side. The man sat on the other side of the woman. The woman carried the dog into the cart. The dog was a small dark brown one. The woman talked about the dog, but the man scarcely spoke. He drove towards Windsor, and nothing occurred. On reaching the latter place they asked him if he would have anything to drink at the Prince Albert public-house, where they got down. He did not answer, but the woman brought him a bottle of ginger-beer, of which they all partook, witness drinking a very little. He left them by the Prince Albert, and drove home. Prisoner was the man whom he had taken up in the cart. The stick which the man had was a knob stick, about two feet long.

At this point of the proceedings Colonel Blandy applied for a remand, and the magistrates accordingly adjourned for a private consultation.

Upon their return the prisoner was remanded for a week, in order that Colonel Blandy might have time to produce other evidence.

Croft was accordingly conveyed back to the cell, in the county police-station.

During the examination, which lasted about two hours and a half, the prisoner scarcely spoke, and only once or twice attempted to deny the statements made by a witness.

## DOUBLE MURDER AND ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

A SHOCKING tragedy was recently enacted in the village of Systow, about four miles from Leicester. The perpetrator is named Tim Bay, aged twenty-eight, a wheelwright, who is now in custody, and his victims are his wife, Jane Bay, aged thirty-two, and his only daughter, Emma Bay, eleven months old. The particulars of this dreadful occurrence appear to be as follows:—About eleven o'clock on Friday night week, the murderer's mother-in-law, Mrs. Jane Shelton, who lived with her daughter, was asleep in a room adjoining to that in which Bay and his wife and child were sleeping, when she was disturbed by the cries of the child. On getting up and going towards the bedroom she met Bay coming out of his room with a bloody knife in his hand. She asked him the cause of it, but he made no reply, and at once made an attempt to cut his throat, but was frustrated in his design, as the weapon was dashed out of his hand by Mrs. Shelton. He then rushed down stairs, but returned in a few minutes with the knife-box in his hand, and was feeling as if in search of the carving-knife, which, however, did not happen to be there. With great presence of mind, Mrs. Shelton took the knife-box out of his hand, seized him, and dragged him into a bedroom, where she pushed him into a chair and cried out "Murder." This brought to her assistance a youth named Toone, who slept in an adjoining room, and he speedily gave the alarm to the neighbours, and two men, Matthew Toone and William Adcock, were quickly on the spot. Mrs. Shelton then entered her daughter's bedroom, and found her lying in bed with a stab in her throat, quite dead, and her child at her side, also with its throat cut from ear to ear. Police-constable Miles, who happened to be on duty in the street at the time, arrested the prisoner on a charge of murdering his wife and child; to this he made no reply. In the meantime Mr. J. O. Robinson, surgeon, of Systow, was sent for, and on his arrival he pronounced the infant to be still alive; but, notwithstanding his medical skill, the poor thing only lingered till about three o'clock, when it expired. As the prisoner had been in a low and desponding state for some time past, and under Mr. Robinson's treatment, the latter did not consider him in a condition to be removed during that night. He was, therefore, kept under the surveillance of the police, and taken to Leicester by conveyance on Saturday morning, and lodged at the county police station. From the position in which the mother and her child were found, the former with her left arm in bed and the right arm outside over the clothes, with her infant at her side, there can be no doubt that they were murdered in their sleep. Death must have been instantaneous to the mother, as the stab, which was on the right side of the throat, was a very severe one, close to the artery. What adds to the horror of the tragedy is the fact that the unfortunate woman was near her confinement.

Prisoner was taken before the Leicester magistrates sitting at the County Public-office, on Saturday, at noon, and was remanded.

The inquest on the unfortunate victims was held on Monday morning, at Mr. Wing's, the Bull's Head Inn, before the coroner, J. Gregory, Esq. The jury returned a verdict of "Wilful murder" in both cases, and the prisoner was committed on the coroner's warrant to take his trial at the next assizes.

GAROTTING A FOX.—On Tuesday evening, a little after sunset a fox ventured to pay a visit to a farm standing in Blackhills. He was seeking near the hen-house, when a small bull-terrier dog seized Baynard by the cheek and held like a weasel. Off the fox ran, dragging the dog, and the noise quickly alarmed the ploughman, who gave chase, scarcely knowing at first in the dark what kind of animal was trailing the dog at such a rate. An active man, outrunning the others, soon, however, made up, and seizing the fox by the throat with both hands held him on the spot till he was choked, the bull-terrier being meanwhile not an idle spectator. The fox is a large animal. The leap from the hind to the fore toes is four feet, the girth nineteen inches, and the brush nineteen. The tusks, that were measured from curiosity, are fully three-quarters of an inch long.—*Elgin Courier.*

PUNISHMENT OF DUKLING IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY.—Since the return of the Emperor to St. Petersburg he has decided on the sentences to be passed on several officers of the Equestrian Guard who were concerned in a duel which cost the life of a brother officer. The Emperor's anger was justly aroused, for, in opposition to his known wish to prevent duels, the officers of the regiment fomented the quarrel between the opponents, instead of endeavouring to appease their mutual anger. The original sentence passed on the offenders by the court-martial was very severe. The principal and the two seconds were condemned to the loss of their rank, their orders and medals, and their civil rights. The principal, a colonel, was also sentenced to twelve years' forced labour in the mines; and the seconds, a captain and a lieutenant, to be confined in a fortress for ten years. The council of supervision approved of these sentences, but, in consideration that the officers "had acted under the inspiration of deep-rooted prejudices respecting military honour," the grace of his Majesty was solicited, and it was recommended that the colonel should lose his rank and orders and should serve as a private soldier, while the seconds be confined in a fortress for three months. The Emperor was pleased to approve of these milder sentences.

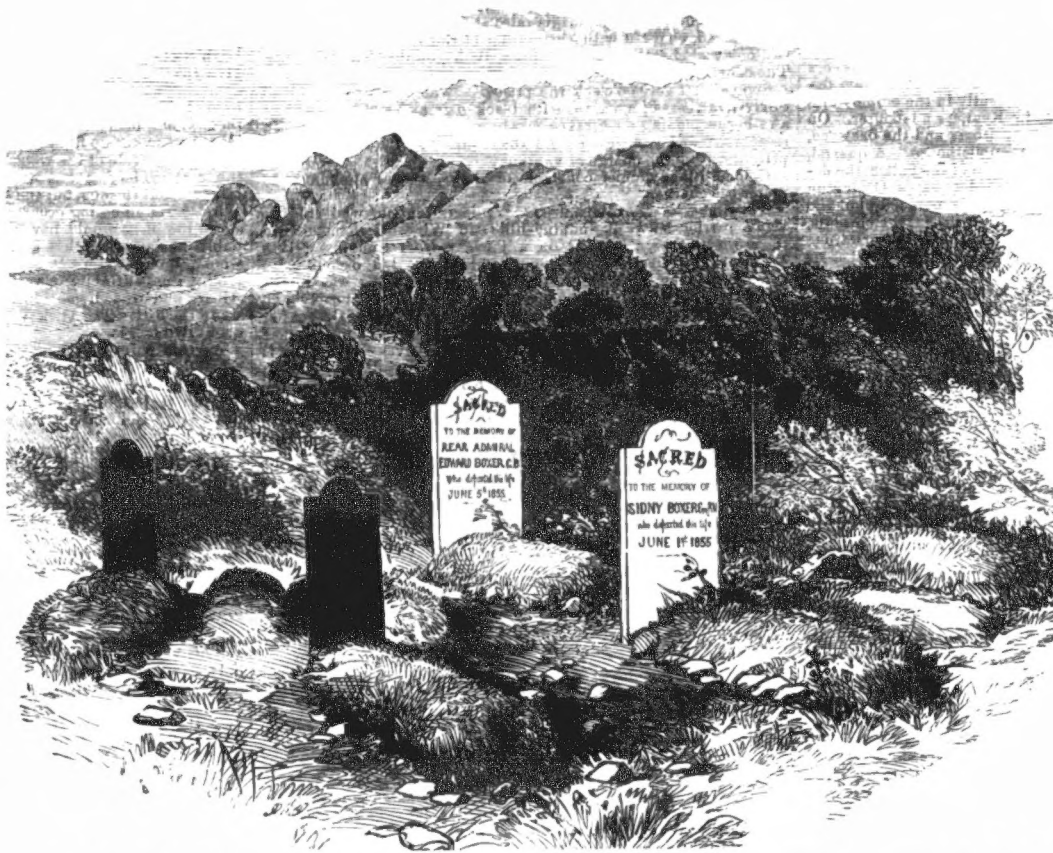
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CHEAP PRESENT.—A CAPITAL WRITING CASE for 2s. (or free by post for twenty-eight stamps), fitted with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Pencilcase and Pens, Blotting-book, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 250,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKINS and GORRO, 36, Oxford-street, London, and all Stationers.—*[Advertisement.]*



# FUNERAL CEREMONY IN THE CRIMEA.

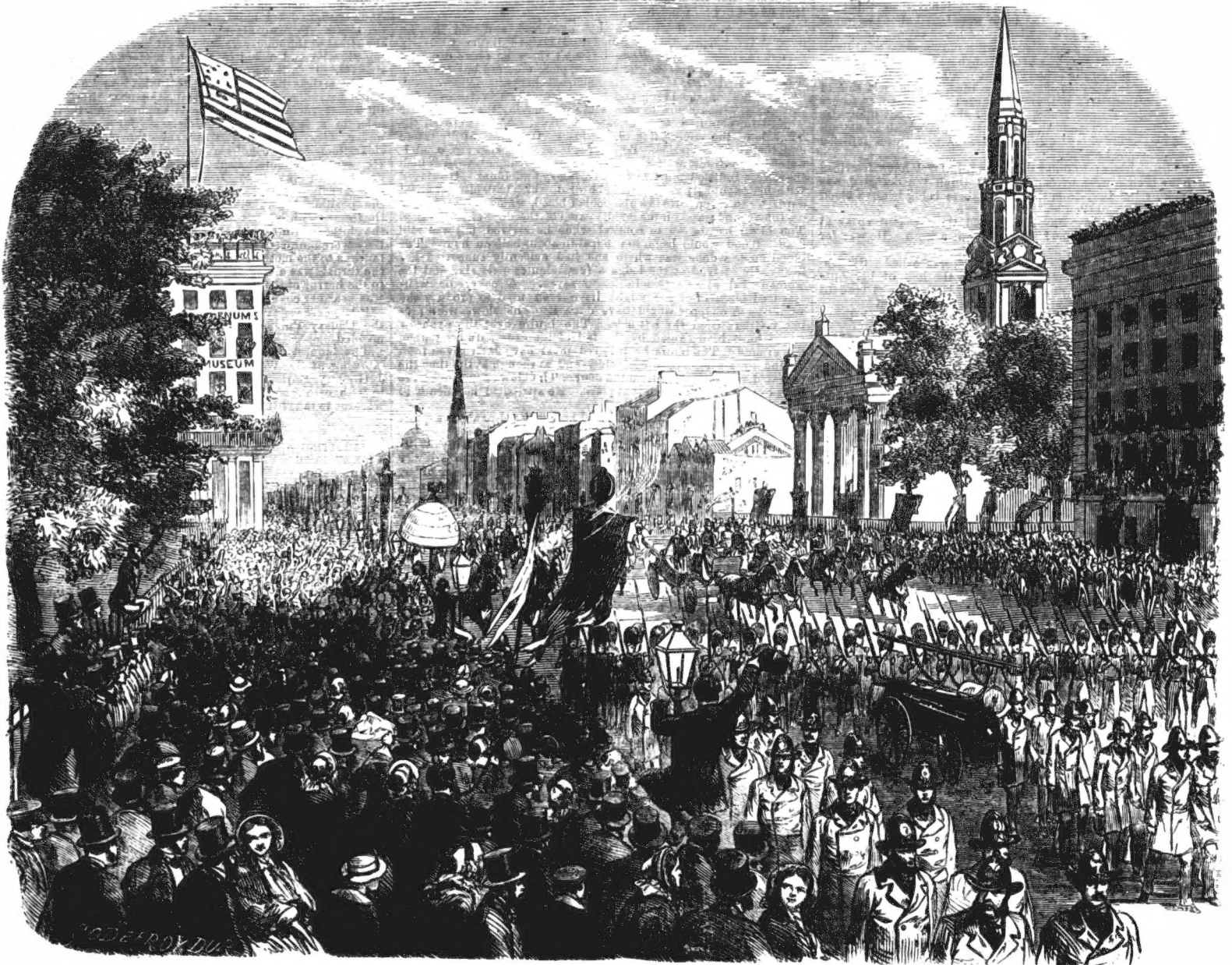
It is well known that at the Congress held at Paris, after the close of the war in the Crimea, the cemeteries and burial-places of the allied army were placed under the protection of the Russian Government, and that on the proposition of the French Minister for War, and by order of the Emperor of the French, arrangements were made to unite on one spot all the French tombs scattered under the walls of Sebastopol. The ground granted by the Russian Government for this purpose was that on which the headquarters of the French army were situated. It is of square shape, about two and a-half acres in extent, and is surrounded by a stone wall. All branches of the French army have a special funeral monument within this enclosure, and each individual inscription connected with the isolated graves around has been carefully removed to the new cemetery. In the centre of the enclosure rises a mausoleum specially destined to receive the mortal remains of Generals Brunet, Breton, De Lavarande, De Ponteves, Rivet, De Saint-Pol, and Perrin de Jonquieres. The bodies of Generals Bizot, Mayran, De Lourmel, and De Marolles were removed to France during the war. On the morning of the 25th of October last the ceremony was inaugurated by placing the remains of the seven general officers mentioned within the tomb destined for their reception, which was effected under the superintendence of a captain of engineers, who had charge of the works connected with the cemetery. The coffins, covered with black velvet, and each bearing a white cross, were conveyed on carriages to within a few hundred yards of the entrance, where the garrison of Sebastopol, the 3rd battalion of the Grand Duke Michael's Regiment, commanded by Colonel Janolsky, was drawn up under arms. Vice-



THE GRAVES OF ADMIRAL BOXER, CAPT. BOXER, (HIS NEPHEW,) AND MR. STOWE, THE "TIMES" COMMISSIONER, AT THE CRIMEA.

mortal remains of the gallant general. At ten o'clock a Roman Catholic priest from Simpheropol commenced the chant for the dead. The troops presented arms, while the band played a funeral hymn, and the Russian colour was lowered as a salute to the bodies of the brave generals. When the signal for departure was given some Russian officers advanced to bear the coffins, two or three companies of troops formed a double line, while the battalion formed in columns of companies. The procession then set out towards the cemetery—the vice-admiral walking immediately after the last funeral car. As soon as the office for the dead had been recited, and before the coffins were lowered into the vault of the central monument, the priest blessed the ground where for the future will repose the ashes of the French generals, officers, non-commissioned officers, and private soldiers who fell before the walls of the beleaguered city. Then the battalion fired a parting volley over the tomb, while the drums beat to arms; and thus was paid the last homage of respect due to brave men who had died in arms. The removal of the remains of the French soldiers was then proceeded with, and without delay all were consigned to their last resting-places within the sacred enclosure. The care of the cemetery is confided to a retired French captain. The Russian governor-general lent every assistance in his power to forward the completion of the works, and thus showed his sympathy with the sentiment which had actuated the French Government in the task he had undertaken, and his desire to carry out the wishes of the Russian authorities.

Whether similar proceedings will take place relative to our own gallant countrymen who fell in the Crimea, we know not. We herewith give a view of the graves of Admiral Boxer, of his nephew, Capt. Boxer, and of Mr. Stowe, the *Times* commissioner. The



THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.—THE GREAT MCLELLAN PROCESSION AT NEW YORK. (See page 389.)



grave of the latter has (or had not, when this engraving was taken) no head stone. It is to the extreme left of our illustration.

#### THE INUNDATIONS IN SPAIN.

THE inhabitants of the ancient city of the Old Campado, now fully aware of the terrible catastrophe which has befallen their unfortunate neighbours, have set themselves earnestly to the work of providing for their more pressing necessities. With this object several thousand loaves of bread have been forwarded to Alcira, and subscriptions have been set on foot. Already about £1,500 have been subscribed. Every day proves that the inundation has been more disastrous and frightful than was at first anticipated. At a distance of seventy kilometres, or about forty-four miles from Valencia, there is, or, more correctly, there was, one of the largest and finest bridges on the railway between Valencia and Madrid. In a single span, two hundred feet long, it crossed at a height of eighty-five feet the river, or rather the ravine, of Montesa. Exposed to heavy torrents from the neighbouring mountains in the rainy season, it was made extra strong, and at a height which the waters had never been known to reach. It is not, however, till we come to the town of Carcagente and the neighbourhood that the full proportions of the inundations begin to appear. Here for miles around nothing was visible but an immense lake. In the village of Tous, consisting in all of about two hundred houses, the court-house, the abbey, with all the parish records, the cemetery, and 107 private houses have been completely swept away. (See illustration.) In Sumacarel sixty houses have been destroyed. A poor woman, with a child of five months in her arms, was carried away by the force of the current, but saved her own life and that of her child by climbing up a tree, where she remained upwards of twenty-four hours. In the ruins of one house in Alcira ten corpses have been found. In one family, consisting of the father, mother, and ten children, the mother and nine of the children are missing, no doubt swept away in the torrent to the sea. In all directions, "horror wide extends his desolate domain." In Alcira rich and poor have been reduced to a level, and for the present obliged to live on charity. And scarcely a landmark has been left in entire districts by which one farmer may be able to distinguish his land from that of his neighbours.

Referring to the procession of the image of San Bernado in



THE INUNDATIONS IN SPAIN.—DESTRUCTION OF THE VILLAGE OF TOUS.

Alcira, though the people implored the protection of the saint, the waters continued to rise, the houses to fall, and the devastation to spread, while those of Collera, jealously guarding their patron saint's character for success, and not wishing to expose it to the jibes of the incredulous, delayed their invocations till the storm was ceasing and the danger over. "Our Lady of the Castle" is the patron of Collera, and the image is kept in a chapel on the top of the hill adjoining the town. To this hill most of the inhabitants had escaped from their houses in lighters, the waters having risen to the height of the first floor, and the people embarking from the balconies.

Between three and five o'clock in the morning (of the second night) the parish priests, and those who had escaped from their houses to the hill for safety, men, as well as women and children, brought down in procession from its place at the top of the hill, the precious and venerated image of "Our Lady of the Castle," at whose presence the heavens instantly became illuminated with stars, the waters of the Júcar fell rapidly, and calmness and consolation reanimated the inhabitants. Since then the nave of the church is filled at all hours with people who come to offer their tears of thankfulness to the queen of heaven and earth (!).

of Union-men streamed for hours through the streets, the air mingling with patriotic cheers for "Little Mac," which were joined in by at least two hundred thousand spectators, who thronged the route, and made the streets almost impassable. The popular enthusiasm was manifested at almost every point; opposition was nowhere to be found. If people before entertained any doubt of the overwhelming McOlellan sentiment, the demonstration must have satisfied them that the great metropolis, without regard to past political differences, goes with one accord for the victim of Abe Lincoln's tyranny.

"Since the Prince of Wales' reception, Broadway never experienced such a jam. Every available spot was occupied. The hotels were thronged, and windows commanded a high premium. When the procession arrived, it was with great difficulty that room could be made for it to pass through, but still the best of good humour prevailed, as the sentiment was all one way."

On page 392 we give another illustration. This is the congratulation of President Lincoln's friends at the White House, Washington, on his re-election to power for another four years. The assemblage was a most brilliant one. Many ladies were present in full dress, and the President seemed highly elated.

#### THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

For some weeks up to the date of the election of President Lincoln, New York was in a state of perfect excitement for McOlellan. Processions were the order of the day. On the present page we give an illustration of one of these demonstrations passing Bar-num's Museum.

The *New York Sunday Mercury* devotes a quarter of a column to the following headings to its article on the grand procession:—"New York City Wild for Little Mac—The Bowery, Broadway, and Fifth Avenue in a Blaze—Five Miles of McOlellanites in the Procession.—Thousands of Soldiers in the Ranks.—Wounded Troops in over One Hundred Carriages.—Fifty Thousand Lanterns in the Parade.—The Firemen out for McOlellan.—Impromptu Clubs Organized, and join in the Parade.—Five Hundred Thousand Sympathisers in the Streets.—Unparalleled Enthusiasm for the Next President of the United States—Most Gigantic Demonstration in the History of the City.—McOlellan Revisits the Great Procession.—The Feathers of the War Eagles Ruffled.—Scenes and Incidents, &c., &c."

"In every respect it was a triumphant success. Miles



THE INUNDATIONS IN SPAIN.—THE PEOPLE OF ALCIRA FLOCKING TO THE IMAGE OF SAN BERNARDO FOR PROTECTION.



THE  
CHRISTMAS NUMBER  
OF  
**BOW BELLS,**  
with which will be presented,  
GRATIS,  
a Beautiful Picture of  
**OUR SAVIOUR,**  
will be ready in a few days.  
Twenty-four Pages, Twelve Illustrations, and Magnificent Picture,  
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ONE PENNY; per post, TWOPENCE.  
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NEW TALE.  
**BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.**  
Number 18 of  
**BOW BELLS,**  
Now publishing,  
Contains the commencement of the above new and original  
SCOTTISH ROMANCE  
24 pages, 10 illustrations, One Penny.

### THE LADIES' FAVOURITE—BOW BELLS. NOTICE.

This companion picture to  
**THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD,**  
being the second of the series of beautiful coloured engravings, which will  
be issued from time to time with  
"BOW BELLS,"

was published simultaneously with the Great  
WHITTINGTON NUMBER  
ON

**LORD MAYOR'S DAY,**  
November 9th.

The original drawing is made expressly for this magazine by the celebrated artist, HUBARD. The subject chosen is

**DICK WHITTINGTON AT HIGHGATE,**  
turning towards London, and listening to the

**SOUND OF BOW BELLS.**

A Supplement of  
**ESSENTIAL NEEDLEWORK PATTERNS,**  
of which a copy in Paris, was also

PRESENTED, GRATIS.

Immense expense and labour have been bestowed in producing a  
Number of rare excellence.

Amongst the most important features may be mentioned the commencement  
of an entirely

NEW AND ORIGINAL TALE,

**DICK WHITTINGTON,**  
THIRCE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

Illustrated by EDWARD CORRIOLLO.

A new ballad, called  
**TURN AGAIN, WHITTINGTON.**  
Music by W. H. MONTGOMERY.

Words by

**ELIZA COOK.**

A full-page engraving, representing

**A PORTRAIT OF WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT,**  
Whittington College, Old St. Paul's,  
Bow Church, Whittington's Stone at Highgate.

Drawn by W. H. PRIOR.

PICTURESQUE SKETCHES,

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**FINE ARTS—THE LOST CHANGE**

From an original painting by W. H. KNIGHT.

The new and popular tale of

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Illustrated by HUBARD.

Continuation of the admirable story of

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**PORTRAIT OF MR. ALDERMAN HALE,**

LORD MAYOR.

Drawn by WILSON.

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On Wednesday, Nov. 16, will be published, Price One Shilling, Volume  
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THE GAMESTER.  
JANE SHORE.  
THE MAN OF THE WORLD.  
LOVE IN A VILLAGE.  
PIZZARRO.  
SHE STROOPS TO CONQUER.  
DOUGLAS.  
THE DEVIL TO PAY.  
THE ADOPTED CHILD.  
THE CASILE SPECTRE.  
THE MAYOR OF GABRIEL.

THE ROAD TO RUIN.  
THE INCONSTANT.  
THE REVENGE.  
THE JEALOUS WIFE.  
THE RIVALS.  
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VENICE PRESERVED.  
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**MR. S. PHELPS and MR. C. KEAN.**

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The complete works of Shakspeare, elegantly bound, containing thirty-seven  
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### THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Now publishing, a magnificent engraving of

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The picture measures 30 inches by 28, is carefully printed on plate paper  
expressly for framing, and may be considered one of the finest specimens  
of Wood Engraving ever presented to the public.

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### CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK

ANNIVERSARIES		H. W. L. B.	
D.	M.	A. M. P. M.	
3	John Brown hung, U.S., 1859	4 24	4 44
4	Second Sunday in Advent	5 7	5 30
5	Mozart died, 1791	5 56	6 21
6	H. Jenkins died (aged 169), 1670	6 49	7 17
7	Father Mathew died, 1856	7 48	8 24
8	Conception of the Virgin Mary	9	9 36
9	Milton born, 1608	10 14	10 48

Moon's Changes.—First quarter, 6th, 7h. 34m. and

Sunday Lesson—

MORNING.

Isaiah 5; Acts 5.

AFTERNOON.

Isaiah 24; Hebrews 10.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand  
that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our  
correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information  
themselves.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS,  
313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY  
News from newsvendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single  
number, or for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr.  
DICKS, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's  
Subscription is 3s. 3d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly re-  
quested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent mis-  
carriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be in-  
dicated by the journal being sent in a blue wrapper. Receipt stamps  
cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and  
HATFIELD'S NEWSPAPER sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom  
for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a  
quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may  
send a subscription of 3s. 3d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS at the Office 313,  
Strand.

\* All communications for the Editor must contain name and address.  
Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

Bow Ball.—The Curfew, or Curfew law, was abolished by Henry I,  
who restored the use of lamps and candles at night after the ringing of  
the Curfew bell. The ringing of the curfew, however, was not abso-  
luted, as it was a prayer bell, and long continued to ring at Bow  
Church, St. Giles's, St. Martin's-in-the-Grand, Cripplegate, and other  
churches; and indeed, within a few years since was still rung at St.  
George's, Borough.

S. W. C.—A regular divorce must be obtained before there could be a  
second marriage. The facts you mention constitute ample ground for a  
divorce, which you may obtain more than a year ago, or to E. E.

H. S.—The situation in the Indian Civil Service is open to public com-  
petition, and, therefore, no interest is required to become a candidate.  
The limits of age for clerks are between eighteen and twenty-five. The  
examination consists of exercises in best handwriting and spelling, arith-  
metic, and English declamation, English composition, precise writing  
(making abstracts of deeds and letters), geography, history of England  
or India (at option), Latin or one foreign modern language (also at option).

E. E.—Send us your address, and we will recommend you a respectable  
London solicitor to take up your case.

W. G. D.—For a small sum procure a little work that will give you the  
translations of all the French phrases you mention. The same work  
will also enable you to teach yourself French in a very short time, if  
you like it. This is the "Self-Instructor," by Mr. G. W. M. Keynes. It  
can be obtained (post free) by sending fourteen postage-stamps to Mr.  
Dicks, at our office. Persons of defective education can improve  
themselves exceedingly by its use. Indeed, it contains all the requisite  
lessons to constitute the groundwork of a really good education. All  
the requisite rules for composition, punctuation, &c., are given in this work,  
as well as the necessary instructions for rhetorical compositions.  
A knowledge of declension and a correct manner of expression are to be acquired  
from the "Self-Instructor." Especially should young gentlemen and  
ladies who are fond of embodying their thoughts in verse study the  
rules for rhyme and metre laid down in this work.

J. F. C.—Whether you have sufficient grounds for obtaining a divorce,  
we really cannot say, as your description of the facts is so meagre. You  
had better state your case to some solicitor, and he will advise you. If  
you proceed, the case will cost you about 30l. we should imagine. See  
answer to E. E.

### THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SAURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1864.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

What amount of warning and experience will avail to prevent  
people getting out of a railway carriage while it is still in motion?  
This is a question asked all over the country every day, and  
each generation, and each person at different periods of his life,  
asks the same question about the particular mode of getting killed  
which is the fashion at the time. A more curious fact can hardly  
present itself in the study of man in society than that a noticeable  
number of deaths takes place every year from the practice of leaving  
a train before it has come to a stand; the number of deaths show-  
ing how common the rashness must be, because there must be many  
more escapes than fatal results. It is astonishing that so much  
mischief should come of so very slight a temptation. There can  
be no other object than to save a minute or two of time. To save  
those two minutes men and women defy all warnings, treat all  
printed notices at the station as if they did not exist, break  
the law, and, when brought up and fined, consider them-  
selves ill-used because so many people do the same  
thing without being punished. We saw an eminent rail-  
way dignitary brought up the other day on the summons of a pas-  
senger who was on the watch because he had himself been pun-  
ished; and the excuse made for the director by one of the officials  
was that it was nothing new in him, as he was always doing it.  
One wonders whether, if he had lost his life in that way, it would  
have had the effect of stopping the practice. It possibly might,  
though the killing of obscure persons seems to have no deterring  
influence at all. Just now it seems as if women were more reckless  
in this matter than men; or it may be that their dress exposes  
them to more danger. The haste which makes them risk so much  
to save two minutes is, however, more strange in them than in  
men of business, accustomed to economise their odd moments.  
The other day it was the shawl which caught and threw the  
elderly Lancashire saleswoman under the wheels. Some-  
times it is a wide sleeve, or the corner of an apron, or  
(as we need scarcely add) some portion of that absurd and unma-  
nageable circumference of skirt which exposes the wearer of cir-  
culation or hoops to evil observation, insult, and peril of life at every  
turn. Sometimes the fatal step is taken from sheer ignorance of  
the forces in operation, and in consequent unbelief of the danger.  
If we look back through a generation or two, we shall perceive  
that it takes long for warning and experience to produce a prac-  
tical effect; yet we may hope, as this sort of rashness takes dif-  
ferent forms at intervals, that something is learned in course of  
time. Fifty years ago the largest proportion of deaths requiring an  
inquest, and of cases in the accident wards of county hospitals in  
the agricultural districts, was from waggons riding on the  
shafts of the waggon. Most commonly they were tipsy or asleep,  
or both but sober and wide-awake farm servants did it too,

in spite of the law, of the master's orders, of fine or im-  
prisonment, and even of the loss of comrades by that sort of acci-  
dent. It seems as if some great amelioration in this particular  
must have been obtained, for we seldom now hear of inquests on  
persons so killed. We should have said the same of the practice of  
reading in bed by candle-light, but for the flagrant case which  
occurred last week, when a young lady, on a visit, burned her bed,  
and destroyed herself in that manner. Possibly, the decline in  
the number of deaths from this cause may be much owing to the  
prevalent disease of bed-curtains; but of the fact we trust there is  
no doubt. Some few years since we congratulated ourselves on  
the reduction of danger to women from fire, from the high head-  
dress and the puffed out sleeves, with their stuffing of elderdown  
having gone out of fashion. But we have little reason for com-  
placency. High head-dresses went out of fashion for many years  
and if they are coming in again, we have done with candles, and  
have the safety of covered lamps; but the peril is only  
transferred, and with great aggravation, from the head-dress and  
the candle to the skirts and the hearth. If the inquests which are  
held in long succession on women burnt, run over, and torn to  
pieces by machinery, cannot check the practice of wearing the hoop,  
nothing that can be said, here or anywhere, can have much effect.  
Are there any means of ascertaining the amount of deaths in each  
year by the various forms of reckless folly we have glanced at? If  
not, might there not be an annual statement issued, derived from  
the coroners' books, of the deaths occasioned by a certain number  
of these prevalent practices? It is well known that a considerable  
proportion of the deaths is never brought under the coroners'  
notice at all. So say these officials; and especially in regard to  
the crinolines cases. It is also true that the matings will  
remain out of sight; but still, we are disposed to think that such a  
record, spread through the country annually, and duly remarked on  
and pushed home by the clergy and sensible people everywhere,  
must produce some distinct and permanent impression, and check  
many an act of rashness. Such a chapter of accidents might be  
the most instructive ever published.

THE decision of the Court of Queen's Bench, in the case of Fisher  
v. Howard, finally sets at rest the vexed question of what is a bona  
fide traveller, entitled to refreshment during the hours when public-  
houses are closed for other purposes. On a Sunday in the month  
of September last a number of persons were at the Victoria Station,  
with the object of leaving London in the train that started for  
Croydon at ten minutes before one o'clock. They demanded refresh-  
ments at the refreshment-room after having taken their tickets, and  
were supplied, as travellers. Proceedings were taken against the  
proprietor of the rooms for serving customers within the prohibited  
hours. The clause in the Police Act, 2 and 3 Victoria, cap. 47,  
sec. 42, under which the proceedings had been taken, provides that  
no licensed victualler shall open his house for the sale of fermented  
liquors on Sunday, Christmas Day, and Good Friday before one  
o'clock in the afternoon, except for the refreshment of travellers.  
The magistrates of the Westminster Police-court, before whom the  
case was brought, decided that the persons in question, not having  
actually begun to travel by the train, were not travellers within  
the meaning of the Act; although, had they finished their rail-  
way journey, and ceased to travel by the train, they  
would in their opinion have been travellers, and as such  
entitled to refreshment. They therefore convicted the defendant.  
From this decision of the magistrates the defendant appealed to the  
Court of Queen's Bench, and on Saturday the case came on for  
argument before the full court. The arguments employed in sup-  
port of the conviction were exceedingly peculiar. It was contended  
that a man who leaves his own house to go a journey partly on foot,  
or by a vehicle drawn by horses, as an omnibus or cab, and partly  
by railroad, does not begin to travel when he steps across his own  
threshold, but only when he has started by the train. The fact of  
the train getting in motion, it would appear, was considered to have  
such a miraculous effect in impressing upon a passenger the char-  
acter of a traveller, that he remains one even after he has alighted  
at the terminus where his train ends, and has given up his ticket.  
He may accordingly, when he has ceased to be a railway traveller,  
demand, and be lawfully served with, refreshment at a public-  
house, even though his destination—that is, the place to which he  
was going—might be some private house in the same town or vil-  
lage, or even the same street. Of course, likewise, he may demand  
and be legally served with, refreshments wherever the train stops  
after being once in motion. But to have refreshment at the Victo-  
ria Station, for example, even after coming up from St. Albans  
or Watford, by rail and cab, or after walking all the way  
from Barnet to Finsbury, is something quite out of the question,  
and contrary to law. As for the fact of the persons who might  
require to be supplied refreshment having taken their tickets, that  
was no sign or token whatever of their being travellers. It was  
only evidence of their intention to travel, or of a reasonable proba-  
bility of being about to travel. It was also urged that the Act  
said nothing about railways (any more than about the term bona  
fide), although it had been contended that the whole question turned  
upon the point whether the persons demanding refreshment, and  
served therewith, had actually been in a train that was in motion.  
This singular mode of reasoning, however, was rejected by the full  
Court. The court was even inclined to think that a person who  
had set out from home to go a journey by railway was a traveller  
entitled to demand refreshment, and who might be legally served  
therewith, whether he had actually taken his ticket or not. But this  
point did not call for decision, because in the case actually before the  
court for settlement the persons supplied with refreshment at the  
Victoria Station actually had taken their tickets. In the view of  
the court the scope and intent of the Act was to prevent people  
sitting drinking and smoking in public-houses within the prohibited  
hours—"boozing," as one of the judges happily and graphically  
characterised it.

A BUSHMAN HOLIDAY-MAKING.—George Begg Shaw came to  
town the other day from the Murray bringing a /1 with him, and  
put up at an hotel. He remained there in a state of chronic intoxica-  
tion for eight days, and was then told that his money was spent,  
and he was in debt £14. The landlord got rid of him, but gene-  
rally gave him a shilling to get a bed with. The consequence  
was that he was found in the streets a few days after in a state of  
complete madness, and, being arrested as a lunatic, has since been  
detained in the Western Gaol.—Melbourne Argus



## General News.

THE Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury have authorized the Paymaster-General to pay to the treasurer of the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's-Inn-road, the sum of £375, being a portion of a bequest made by the late Madame de Lilly to her Majesty for the poor of London.

At a nobleman's mansion in Sussex the following notice has just been issued:—"From this date forward no woman servants will be allowed to wear crinoline while doing their household work. Any infringement of this order will be considered tantamount to notice to quit, and they will be dismissed accordingly."

A LETTER from Rome, of the 16th, says:—"The King and Queen of Sweden have returned to this place. The Queen Dowager with her numerous family, had come back some time before. The little Court is now complete; but the only consequence is that a few more persons may be seen walking on the Pincio and Corso. The weather is very wet here, and the only reason that Rome is not inundated is that the rain set in before snow had fallen on the mountains. In spite of the weather, however, strawberries are still hawked about the streets."

THE *France* mentions the following fact as a proof of the evil consequences of smoking for boys:—"A pupil in one of the colleges, only twelve years of age, was some time since seized with epileptic fits, which became worse and worse in spite of all the remedies employed. At last it was discovered that the lad had been, for two years past, secretly indulging in the weed. Effectual means were adopted to prevent his obtaining tobacco, and he soon recovered."

On Friday week the King of Prussia visited Minden, accompanied by several Prussian princes, and inspected the 13th Division of his troops on their return from the Duchies. After the inspection there was a lunch, to which all the staff officers of the division, others who had distinguished themselves, and the chief civil authorities, were invited. His Majesty proposed the first toast:—"To the brave Prussian army, and particularly the 13th Division;" and immediately afterwards Prince Frederic Charles proposed a cheer for the King, and concluded his speech as follows:—"For such a King one fights cheerfully—for such a King one bleeds cheerfully—and for such a King, if necessary, one also dies cheerfully."

THE pleasure of the visitors at Compiègne was sadly marred a few days since by a deplorable occurrence, which took place at the commencement of a boat hunt, got up for the Prince of Orange, in the forest of Laigue. As Count Gustave de Lupel was proceeding to the place of meeting his horse gave a sudden start on one side, which lifted his rider to a considerable height, and in again coming down on the saddle he received a most violent shock. He remained for a short time in his seat, but at length fell to the ground from the pain he was suffering. The count was then placed in a carriage and conveyed to his Chateau of Autrech. Dr. Corvisart, the Emperor's physician, who was at the palace, was sent to him, but he found the injury to be beyond the reach of medical art, and the count died in the course of the night.

A LETTER from Toulouse gives a curious account of the retirement from the world of an officer of the Chasseurs a Cheval. The young captain has become a Carmelite, and assumed that livery of woe in the place of his gaudy uniform. His final act, as far as worldly affairs were concerned, was to give up his sword and the cross of the Legion of Honour, which he gained for distinguished conduct in the field. As he kissed these loved relics of the life he was about to quit, and gave them to his father, the whole congregation was affected to tears.

EIGHT medical students were seized at the Military Cemetery, Montreal, on the night of the 11th instant. They had entered, it is presumed, for the purpose of obtaining "subjects" (dead bodies). They were caught by some soldiers, who, anticipating the visit, had concealed themselves, and rushed upon the depredators with revolvers. One of the students struck a soldier with a club. They were all taken to the lock-up, and subsequently bailed out.

WE have to announce the death of Lord Elliot, who expired shortly after ten o'clock on Saturday morning, at Port Elliot, the family seat in Cornwall. The Hon. William Gordon Cornwallis becomes heir apparent to the family honours.

On the afternoon of Friday week an elderly gentleman, walking in Berners-street, fell down in a fit of apoplexy. To the people who went to his rescue he was able to utter only two words—"Fitzroy-street." He never spoke after wards, and he died at seven o'clock on the evening of the same day. It was a Royal Academician—David Roberts; a kindly, canny Scot, well-to-do, amazingly clever in his own sphere of art, and liked by all who knew him. Born four years before the close of the last century, he began his active life as a house-painter in Edinburgh; he rose in 1822 to be a scene-painter in Drury-lane Theatre, along with another Academician, Mr. Clarkson Stanfield; after that he began to exhibit in the Royal Academy; he travelled in Spain and in the East, and published more than one fine series of sketches thus obtained, which gave him a great public reputation, and which entirely justified his election into the Academy in 1841.

INTERESTING TO TAILORS.—Governor Johnson, of Tennessee, who has just been elected Vice-President of the United States, was born a poor white in a slave State, and began life as a tailor. We find the following report of his latest speeches in a New York paper:—"A flag-raising at an army depot in Nashville, last week, called out a large crowd, who called upon Governor Johnson for a speech. After complimenting Colonel Oran, the host of the occasion, for the ability and efficiency with which his department was administered, he spoke of the aristocracy of Nashville. They had ever been, and were to-day, rebels at heart, and in deed also, when they dared do anything for the rebel cause. He knew thereof he affirmed. They had misrepresented and vilified him because he had been true to the Union. Copperhead papers and speakers at the North had charged him with selfish motives in the course he had pursued. If losing all his negroes—if being robbed of 40,000 dollars in bonds—if sacrificing all that he had to sacrifice was selfishness, then he had been selfish. But the Government had been sustained in all its integrity, and he was more than recompensed. He had always been a democrat, but in true sense. True democracy meant the elevation of the masses. He was a democrat, but at the same time an aristocrat; but his aristocracy was the aristocracy of labour, the men whose brains and muscles had planned and wrought out those great achievements that had made the labouring classes of America the true obliquity of the world. The men who sneered at 'greasy mechanics' and 'small-fisted farmers' as the 'mudlarks of society,' were the very men who had not brains to conceive or ability to execute a plan. Labour was dignity, dignity is manhood, and manhood was aristocracy. Society was to-day in a chaotic state. The time had come to lay broad and deep the foundation of the new aristocracy, and by the blessings of God and the will of the labouring men it was to be done. As for emancipation, he could say he was for it. The institution of slavery must go down, like all other iniquities; but he was not only for emancipating the black man, but for emancipating and elevating the white men of the country. The democracy had prated of the 'Bail-splitter' and the 'Boorish Tailor.' He had been a tailor, and was said to have been a good one; he made close fits, did his work well, got it done according to promise, and had the best class of customers. The 'Bail-splitter' and the 'Boorish Tailor' might some day have something to say about the affairs of the country."

## DREADFUL SHIPWRECKS AND LOSS OF LIFE.

DURING the recent gales the Stanley steamer, from Aberdeen to London, struck on the rocks near Shields. Out of fourteen females on board, only two were saved. The rest had most miserably perished during that dreadful night. The two preserved are Mrs. McDonald, of Aberdeen, a first-class passenger, and Mrs. Mitchell, a second-class passenger.

Mrs. Mitchell states that there were six young women in the same berth with herself, and four in an adjoining berth. She did not know how many females there were in the first cabin. Those with her were young women on their way to Melbourne, Australia. The rough weather they had encountered had caused the whole of them to suffer severely from sea-sickness, and when the Stanley made for the Tyne they were all in bed. The first intimation they had of the catastrophe was the sudden striking of the vessel on the rocks. A gentleman came down into the steerage and told them to get out of their beds as the vessel had struck. They instantly arose and endeavoured to dress themselves, but all was darkness and confusion, and after a brief but fruitless attempt to find their clothes, they had to hurry upon deck half-dressed. The scene there was most fearful to behold. The sea was making a complete breach over the vessel. She states that an attempt was made to lower the lifeboat. Four ladies and three sailors got into it. Mrs. Mitchell also asked to go into it, but she was refused. She was determined upon going, however, and was just on the point of forcing her way into the boat, when one of the davits broke, and the boat swinging round was instantly swamped, and all swallowed by the waves before the eyes of those on board, who were powerless to save. She then saw the three men taken on shore by the rocket apparatus. She relates that one gentleman passenger got into the cradle, but, unfortunately, either losing his hold or being pitched off, fell into the waters and perished. Mrs. Mitchell, with others, were lashed to the masthead, and others to the rigging. Between nine and ten o'clock the vessel parted between the main and mizen-masts. At that time the whole of the survivors were on the fore part of the vessel. At one period during the night, the bridge was crowded by persons who had taken refuge there from the fury of the waves. A huge wave came rushing on board, and Mrs. Mitchell saw the mass of human beings swept into eternity in a moment. She also saw the ladies swept out of the rigging and lost. When the last of the survivors were brought on shore, the body of Miss Gordon, who had perished during the night from exposure, was left on board. This unfortunate young lady was on her way to fill some situation or other in the South.

Out of twenty-eight or thirty passengers on board, only nine have been saved.

Another shipwreck occurred at the mouth of the Tyne, by which a brig, named the Martin Luther, of Sunderland, formerly of Colchester, was broken to pieces on the South-pier, and the whole of her crew were drowned. The night was dark, wild, and stormy, when between eight and nine o'clock a vessel was seen coming north under some canvas, but so far in shore as to lie in extreme danger of striking upon the South-pier end, and ultimately she drove on to the foundation work, which is submerged, where she struck. She was in a very dangerous position, and it was feared from the first that neither lifeboat nor rocket lines could reach her, and that she must break up, and if she did her crew would be drowned. The Preventive men and the workmen employed on the pier immediately got out the rocket apparatus. The South and North Shields lifeboats were also immediately manned, and pulled out to the vessel; but though every endeavour was made by the Preventive officers and the large number of seafaring men who were speedily down on the pier to throw a line over the vessel by rockets they could not succeed in doing so; neither could the lifeboats get near enough to the ship, and all hope of rescue was abandoned. The lifeboats returned to the harbour about ten o'clock, the coxswains informing the anxious spectators on the shore on their return that they could not go with their boats nearer to the vessel than they had done, else they would be stove on the rocks, and they said that unless the Preventive men could get a line over the vessel soon she would break up and the crew be drowned, for the sea was terrific. About eleven o'clock the steaming Robert Scott came into the harbour, and the master of her whistled for the crew of the Northumberland lifeboat to man it again and he would tow the boat out, as he thought from the position of the ship the lifeboat might get alongside and save the crew, after all. He told the lifeboat men that he had hailed the brig, and the master of her had replied to him that she was nearly full of water. The master of the steamboat said that he shouted to the men in the ship to keep up their hearts and he would go for the lifeboats, and the answer to him was, "My God! be quick." And he had come for them. The lifeboat was quickly manned by volunteers, and left the harbour very speedily in tow of the Robert Scott; but when they arrived at the scene of the wreck they found that the vessel had broken up, and fragments of her were being tossed about on the raging sea, which was violent at that time, and the night extremely dark. None of the crew could be seen. The sea carried a large quantity of wreck to the beach between the South-pier and the inner jetty. A pilot, about half an hour after the vessel broke up, noticed a man's body floating in the water. The South Shields lifeboat was pulled towards it, and the body was hauled into the boat. It was found to be warm, and was immediately removed to a public house at the Cottle landing. Soon after the body was taken in the apparently-drowned man opened his eyes and looked round, but after a few deep breathings he ceased to exist. The body is supposed to be that of the captain.

Nearly simultaneous with the distressing wreck of the Aberdeen and London steamer Stanley at Tynemouth, an equally terrible and still more fatal disaster befel the Dundee and Newcastle steamer Dalhousie, Captain H. K. Glenn, at the entrance of the Firth of Tay, on her journey home. There is, unhappily, no survivor to tell the tale of this new calamity, and it can only be conjectured that the unfortunate ship, commanded though she was by an able captain who knew the coast and channel well, was so heavily beaten by the terrific seas as to be cast upon the sands of Aberay, where she foundered and went to pieces, the crew and passengers being beyond reach of human help. It would appear from the fact of the bodies of the captain and Bissett having been recovered together, that at the time of the wreck they had been standing on the bridge from which the vessel was steered, Bissett in all probability being helmsman, and Captain Glenn, as was always his custom, keeping a sharp and eager look-out.

The Dundee Courier and Argus says:—"Whatever may have been the cause of this harrowing event, nothing will mitigate the profound sympathy felt by the whole community for those who owe to this tragedy the loss of their bread-winners. Captain Glenn was much esteemed and respected by his owners, and he had endeared himself to a large circle of friends by the probity and amiability of his conduct. He was married only a short time ago, and on the Rev. Mr. Grant devolved the painful duty of breaking the melancholy intelligence to his young widow. The crew were about the steadiest and best of our seafaring population, and the sensation their unhappy end has created in their class has seldom been equalled in Dundee."

On page 393 we give an illustration of the above terrible wreck of the Stanley.

We also give an engraving, on page 396, of the derelict ship Oregon, which arrived at Plymouth on Monday week. She left Glasgow, Sept. 23rd, ballasted with coals for Quebec, and appears not to have been heard of again until Oct. 10th, when she was fallen in with an abandoned wreck, by the ship Eliza, of Plymouth, Captain Munday. The Eliza was outward bound on her third voyage to Quebec for the season. On Oct. 2nd, in lat. 46 N., long. 44 W., boarded the Oregon, deserted, with nine feet of water in her

hold. Having pumped her out, Captain Munday, who had super-numerary hands on board, from his having picked up the crew of the Ceres, put his mate, Mr. Amos, and ten hands on board the Oregon to navigate her to England. The Oregon appears to be an old American States built ship. When found, both her ballast ports were out and the lashings of her bow ports were out, while an attempt seemed to have been made to open them. Her stores were all gone but one barrel of pork, a barrel of rice, about two cwt of bread, and one cwt of sugar. There was no fresh water on board. The coals are supposed to be about 450 tons. The Oregon is now in the possession of Mr. Restarick, of Plymouth, who claims to be her salvor, as the owner of the Eliza. She made about eleven inches of water per hour.

## FRIGHTFUL POISONING CASE AT GRESFORD.

FOUR CHILDREN IN ONE FAMILY DEAD.

[From the Wrexham Weekly Advertiser.]

THE village of Gresford has been in a state of ferment for the last fortnight in consequence of a family living on the top of Singreth Hill, on the other side of the valley, being suddenly seized with a most alarming sickness. The father of the family is a labouring man, who occupies a cottage on the spot named, with a wife and four children residing under the same roof. The strange part of the story is that an alarming state of illness existed in the house for several days without any one beyond the pale of the family hearing of it. According to the accounts given by the father of the family, a man named Edward Millington, who works for Mr. Russell, all of them, father, mother, and children, were suddenly seized with vomiting on Thursday, the 10th inst. On Tuesday, the 15th instant, one of the children, a girl named Harriett, seven years of age, died, and on Friday, the 11th, the father says he got up and started to his work, and on the way began to feel a dizziness come over him, and felt as if he was drunk. He, however, got better, went to his work, but afterwards became worse, and had to return home. On Wednesday, a second child died, named Ann, two years of age; and on Thursday (the 17th), an inquest was summoned before B. H. Thirlwall, Esq., coroner, to inquire into the cause of death of the two children, and was after wards adjourned to Saturday, the 26th, for the purpose of affording time for a post mortem examination on the bodies, which we believe has been of a very searching character, the stomachs having been sent to Liverpool to an eminent analytical chemist. On Saturday, the 19th, another child, a little boy four years old, died, and a fourth (a girl) has been seriously ill. The father and mother have also been ill, but the former is able to go about; the illness of the mother is, however, of a more serious character.

The father of the children attributes the illness of the family to some bread that they had eaten, purchased at a neighbour's shop, and up to the date of our last inquiries he pertinaciously adheres to this, and has all along shown a great aversion to anything like a thorough sifting of the affair. We have, however, been informed on good authority that no trace of poison has been found in the bread said to be the remains of the loaf of which the family had partaken in consequence of which they say they were taken ill. In order to prove that the illness cannot be traceable to the bread, we believe evidence will be brought forward to show that illness existed before the bread was purchased. On Wednesday, the 9th Nov. (the day before the bread was bought) a woman observed in the Griffin Inn that she thought the Millingtons were sickening of the small-pox, and on Thursday one of the children was seen by a little girl vomiting when she was on her way to fetch the loaf to which all the mischief has been attributed.

Among the incidents connected with this sad tragedy one story told by the family is that a cat had died from eating the bread complained of. The father of the family had repeated this several times, and on being questioned by the police what he had done with the carcass of the cat he said he had thrown it into the adjoining wood. Nothing of the kind, however, has been found. Another story which has obtained currency was that the family had partaken of pork boiled in a dirty copper vessel. This has since been positively denied by the father and mother. A third story points to some poisoned wheat as the cause of the calamity, but as this is a subject in course of investigation we are not at liberty to speak further upon it.

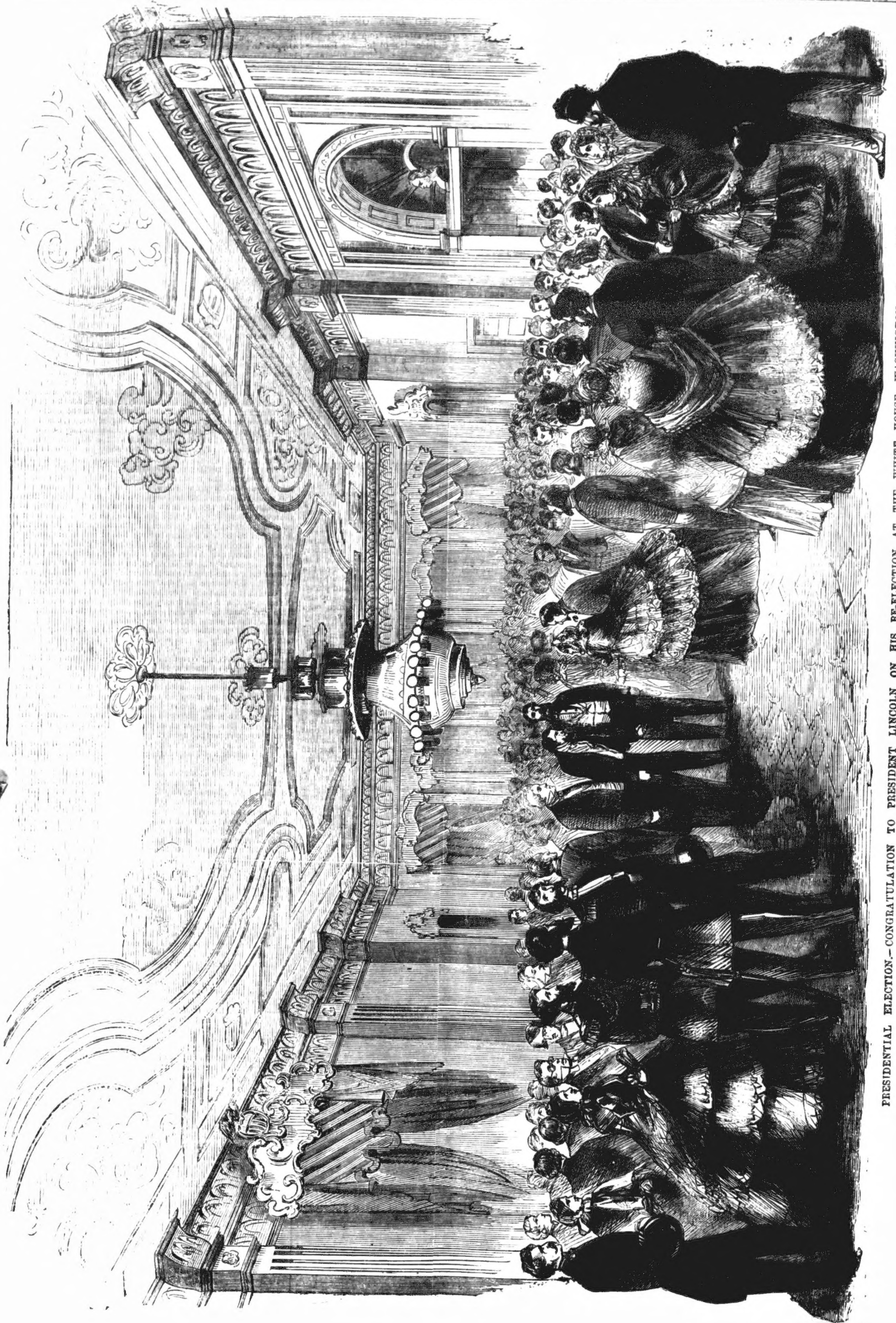
On Thursday evening last, about eight o'clock, another child thirteen years of age died, making the fourth victim in this mysterious affair.

The mother died at eleven o'clock on Friday morning, after very great suffering. All efforts entirely failed to extort anything like a confession from her as to any knowledge she had of the cause of all the suffering in the family. One remarkable feature in her deportment is that she never once put the fault on the bread, but when pressed upon the matter she always showed a disposition to evade the subject altogether. It has, however, been ascertained that she made some cakes some time before the bread alluded to had been bought, of which the whole family partook, and it is thought that some poisonous powder may have been used by mistake in mixing up the flour. The woman when questioned a few days ago positively denied having anything of the kind in the house, but the police while searching found a jar of something that resembled carbonate of soda.

PARISIAN HOTEL ROBBERIES.—The Paris police have just succeeded in capturing three old offenders who have lately committed numerous robberies in some of the best hotels of the capital. These men were released not long since from a central house of correction, after undergoing various terms of imprisonment, and fixed residences were assigned them in provincial towns, but they all came to Paris about the same time, and began a system of plundering which was carried on for a while without exciting suspicion. One of them, dressed in the most fashionable style, assumed the title of Viscount B—, and was attended by a second, in rich livery, as his servant. They took up their abode in the best hotels, and took every opportunity of stealing the property of the landlords and lodgers; while the third disposed of the proceeds of their thefts. At last they were suspected, and a strict watch having been set on them, they were arrested the other day by the commissary of police of the Porte St. Martin with an immense quantity of stolen articles in their possession. They have all been committed for trial.

MARRIAGE WITH A DECEASED HUSBAND'S HALF-BROTHER.—At the Sheriff's Court, on Monday, before Mr. Commissioner Kerr, the case of "Budden v. English," which was reported a short time since, and in which the defendant pleaded her coverture to an action for rent, again came on. It transpired that she had married her deceased husband's half-brother, and his honour held that the marriage was invalid, but he allowed the case to stand over in order that defendant might make a settlement with the plaintiff. The parties appeared before his honour, and it was stated that no money had been paid. Defendant's son-in-law said his mother was a married woman, and had been sued in her maiden name. Plaintiff well knew of this marriage. Plaintiff: I heard of it, but it is no marriage. Son-in-law: That is what you say. His honour: I have decided that already. Son-in-law: And does your honour still say this: this is not a legal marriage? His honour: It is worth nothing. Son-in-law: Then I beg to say that there are very great differences of opinion upon the subject. His honour: So there may be, but you must remember that in this court my opinion must prevail. His honour made an order for the defendant to pay the money, and recommended the plaintiff to grant time, and the son-in-law upon this departed, evidently still strong in his opinion that the marriage was a good one.



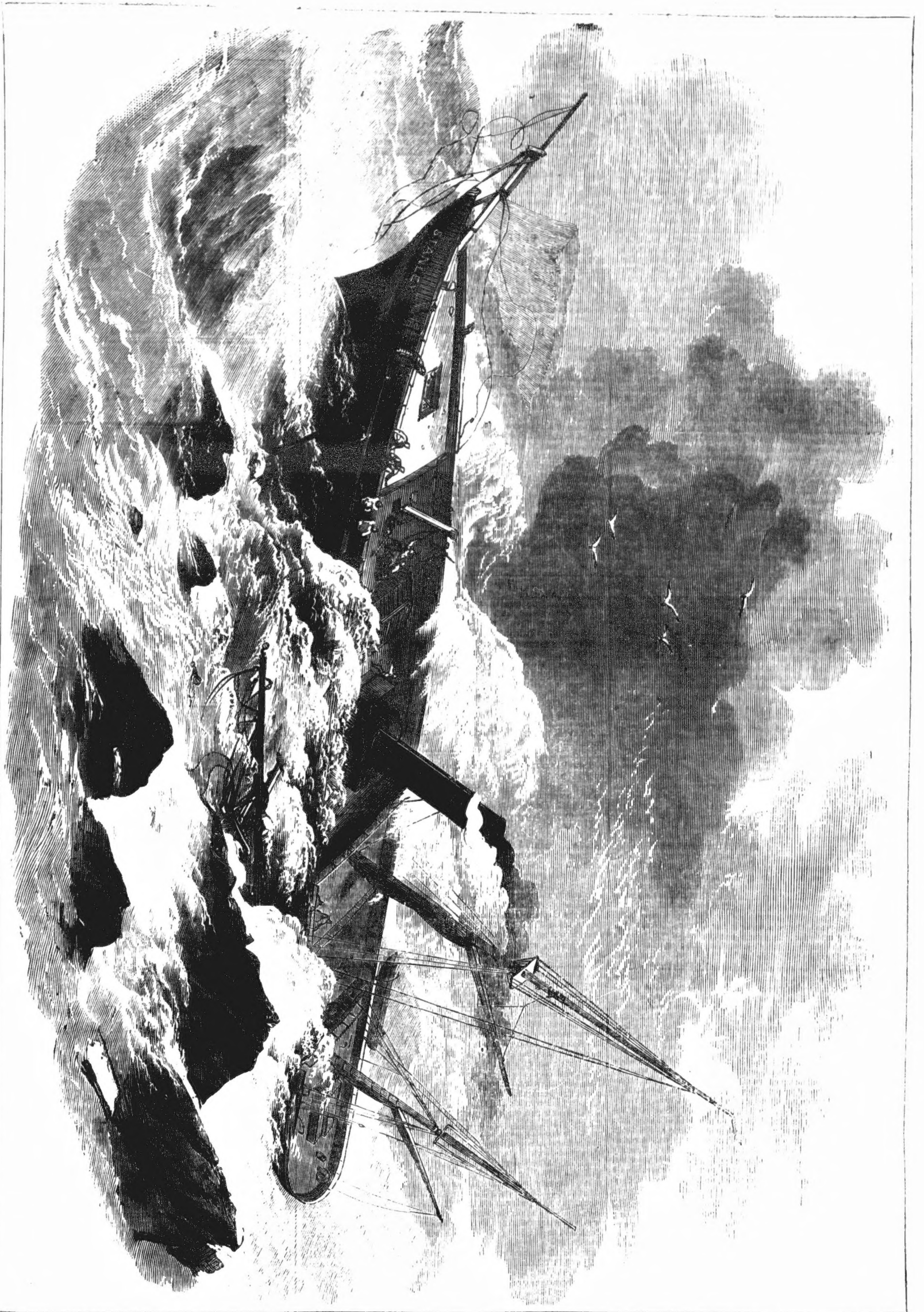


PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.—CONGRATULATION TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN ON HIS RE-ELECTION AT THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON. (See page 389.)



PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.—CONGRATULATION TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN ON HIS RE-ELECTION AT THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON. (See page 389.)

WRECK OF THE STANLEY, ABERDEEN STEAMSHIP, ON THE ROCKS NEAR SHIELDS. (See page 391.)





## Theatricals. Music, etc.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—Mr. Hatton's new opera, "Rose; or Love's Ransom," was produced by the Royal Opera Company for the first time on Saturday evening last. Mr. Buchanan Edwards is the writer of the libretto, and has taken his subject from a Malvern opera of the "Val d'Andorre," which was produced in Paris some years ago. The story is simple. Rose, a village girl (Madame Lemmens Sherrington), loves and is loved by Stephen the Hunter (Mr. George Perrie). Jacques (Mr. Weiss), an old goatherd and supposed wizard—who travels from place to place, and makes free at everybody's house—has saved three thousand francs, which he intends to bestow on Rose as a marriage portion. The marriage, however, is interrupted by Stephen being drawn into the conscription for soldiers and deserting. Stephen is about to be proclaimed a deserter, and nothing can save him from being shot but finding a substitute or buying him off. Rose remembers the dowry which old Jacques has gone to fetch. This money would release Stephen. But Jacques may not return in time. The life of Rose's lover hangs upon a moment. Theresa (Miss Poole) a housekeeper in the village, and an acquaintance of Rose, entrusts her with the key of her house when called from home, and also gives her the key of her desk, telling her that it contains three thousand francs. Here is a temptation—a chance to save Stephen's life. It is only borrowing Theresa's money for a short time; Jacques will be sure to return with the dowry which will replace it. Rose takes the three thousand francs from Theresa's desk and buys off Stephen. Jacques returns from Theresa's desk and the money has been stolen from him, only to inform Rose that she comes back and discovers she has been robbed. Rose is accused of the theft, which she has not heart to deny, and is about to be taken to prison when Jacques's lost money is recovered. Theresa is paid back the amount of the money stolen, and Stephen shouts aloud, "O, joy, her innocence at length is proved to all!" The verses of Mr. Edwards are plain, sensible, and to the purpose. The greatest impression was made by the *morceau d'ensemble*. "Wizard, with thy wondrous skill," for Georgette, Theresa, Jacques, and Blanche, capably sung by Mesdames Weiss and Poole, Mr. Weiss and Mr. H. Corri, and encored; Rose's song, "Gentle flower, canst thou tell, perhaps the melodic gem of the opera, sung by Madame Sherrington and repeated; Stephen's air, with choral responses, "Free as the mountain air" (encored); Theresa's ballad, "My own native vale," was most charmingly warbled by Miss Poole and sung again; the Anacronic chorus, "Drink to the man of peace;" Stephen's ballad, "Farewell my mountain life" (encored); and last, the tender duet for Rose and Stephen, "Alas! they say that time is fleet." There is also great merit in the trio for Rose, Stephen, and Jacques, which follows the duet. Mr. Hatton is a follower of the old and classic school, and in his new opera shows how deeply he venerates Mozart and Beethoven. Mr. Hatton's music is entirely original, and whatever opinion may be formed of the composer from his antecedents, judging from the reception himself and his opera met with on Saturday evening, we can come to no other conclusion than that Mr. Hatton is an immense favorite with the public, and that his new opera is a remarkable success. There were six encores, including the overture; all the artists were recalled after each act; and Mr. Hatton, each time the curtain fell, had a separate ovation to himself. Not satisfied with this, the audience again called at the end for Mr. Alfred Mellon, who certainly conducted to the triumphant issue of the performance, and who was as certainly entitled to the enthusiastic greeting he obtained, which greeting was redoubled in intensity when Mr. Hatton volunteered to join Mr. Mellon on the stage, shook him by the hand, and thanked him in significant dumb show, and it is impossible to ignore the generous and warm expressions of some two or three thousand persons present on this the first night.

**SADLERS WELLS.**—During the absence of Miss Marriot at Sheffield, where she has been enthusiastically received, the "legitimate" has this week given way to farce and burlesque. Mr. Gardiner Coyne, a quiet and most humorous representative of Irish character, has been convulsing the audiences in a way we have seldom before seen in the "Irish Emigrant" and "The Limerick Boy." His songs are sung with some taste, and his Irish jig a genuine bit of dancing. In the first piece, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Horman, as Tom Bobolink and Polly Bobolink, and Mr. W. Antand, as Mr. Sterling, were particularly successful, and acted with much truthful vigour. Mr. Charles Bennett had not much to do, but what he did was quiet and gentlemanly. Mrs. Stevenson, as Mrs. Grimseliskin, was also very effective. The burlesque of "Don Giovanni," in which Miss Lizzie Willmore, late of Drury Lane, sustains the part of the hero, introduces plenty of extravagant mirth, song, and dance; but the puns, for the most part, are really too outrageous to laugh at, and were it not for the clever acting of Mr. W. Ellerton (who reminds us of the late Mr. Rogers) as Donna Anna; Mr. Antand, as Don Pedro; Mrs. Charles Horman, Mr. John Mordant, Miss Lizzie Willmore, and a few more of the prominent characters, the burlesque, for merit, would have been a failure. Miss Lizzie Harrison, who appeared for the first night as Leporello, has been unable to resume the part through illness. Mr. Sydney has performed that character in her absence. Great preparation is being made for the grand pantomime of "Sir Hugh Myddleton, and the Fairy of the Crystal Fountain; or, Harlequin and the Bailiff's Daughter of Islington."

**THE SURREY.**—The successful drama of "The Orange Girl" still heads the bill at this theatre. The after-piece has been the drama of "Mandrill, the Robber of France." Between the pieces Madame Losenben and Miss Constance have been delighting the audience with their beautiful duets. Miss Constance has also been rapturously applauded for her songs of "Stonewall Jackson" and "Turn again, Whittington," the latter from the popular periodical, Bow Bells, the music and words of which appeared in No. 15—words by Eliza Cook; music by W. H. Montgomery.

**PAVILION THEATRE.**—The "Mazeppa" at this establishment truly rivals that of Astley's, while the heroine who sustains the part of the hero has far more true romance attached to her than "The Menken" at the latter establishment. It is stated that Miss Charlotte Wyette, who enacts the part of Mazeppa here, is really an American by birth, bred in the Southern States. She early acquired a taste for horsemanship, has been on the field of battle with the General Stonewall Jackson, and Lee, was present at the death of the great Confederate hero with Mrs. Jackson, and was arrested and imprisoned in New York as a Confederate spy. She ultimately escaped and fled to England, her adopted country. She is beautiful and graceful, and performs her arduous part with consummate ability. The piece is admirably mounted, and is a great success. The drama of a "Fight with Fate" is also successful.

The theatres have put forward little this week for special mention, the preparations for their several pantomimes engrossing the attention of managers. We hear that Mr. Nelson Lee is employed to write the pantomime for the Colosseum at Liverpool, two at Manchester, the Theatre Royal, Yarmouth, the comic business at Her Majesty's, and though last not least, the entire at the City of London Theatre, which is this year to come out particularly strong. Mr. Barnum, of New York, has sent to Mr. Nelson Lee, for copies of five of his pieces and four pantomimes.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—The regimental and other prizes shot for at the fifth annual prize shooting competition by the members of the London Rifle Brigade were presented on Saturday to the succe-

ful competitors by the Lady Mayoress, in the presence of the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Sheriffs Bealey and Dakin, Aldermen Rose (major of the regiment), Mechi, and Finnis, and a number of influential City gentlemen and their families. Colonel Erskine was also present. The Palace was brilliantly illuminated, and the presentation by the Lady Mayoress took place on a raised dais, in front of the Handel orchestra, where the prizes, which represented no less a sum than £700, were tastefully arranged. The brigade paraded at the upper terrace of the Palace at half-past four, and at once proceeded to the front of the dais, with their bands playing at their head. The proceedings were terminated by the performance of the National Anthem by the excellent band of the corps, which performed during the presentation of the prizes, and which, it will be remembered by our readers, came out victorious in the contest between the volunteer bands at the Horticultural Gardens. In the afternoon the eighth winter concert took place, the vocalists being Madame Kautersdorff, Adelle Sinico, and Signor Bossi, all of whom, it is scarcely necessary to say, acquitted themselves admirably. The concert room was densely crowded.

## Sporting.

### BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

THE DERBY.—5 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Liddington (11 to 2); 12 to 1 agst The Marquis of Hastings's The Duke (12 to 1); 12 to 1 agst Mr. W. L'Anson's Braddish (1); 100 to 7 agst Mr. Naylor's Chantanooga (off); 1,000 to 40 agst Mr. Mackenzie's Oppressor (1); 1,000 to 40 agst Lord Glasgow's Brother to Minnie (1); 1,000 to 80 agst Lord Durham's Ariel (1); 40 to 1 agst Lord Westmoreland's Brahms (to £25) 50 to 1 agst Baron Rothschild's Zephyr (1).

### A ROW IN A LIVERPOOL THEATRE.

A LIVELY incident occurred on the occasion of Mr. E. A. Sothern's benefit at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool. The theatre is so small as to go by the sobriquet of "The Bandbox," and as the manager has hitherto both deserved and enjoyed the highest popularity, the house is generally full. Mr. Sothern, who is a great favourite in his native town, had been playing a most successful engagement of five weeks, and was expected to receive a complete ovation. The applications for seats were beyond all precedent; and the "management," in an hour of mistaken judgment, determined to convert nearly the whole of the pit into stalls. The consequence was that when the doors were opened several hundred people who had been waiting patiently in a storm of wind and rain outside were unable to obtain entrance. Only four rows of seats had been left for the pit, with an invitation to the disappointed to go up into the gallery, and the late arrangement, of course, prevented the admission of scores of the legitimate occupants. Crowds of people went away, and those who had got within sight of the stage resolved to have revenge. An unspoken compact was made, and speedily sealed by cries of "No performance," "Swindle," and similar ejaculations. The pitteers called on the police "to clear the pit," chafed the ladies and gentlemen in the dress stalls, loudly demanded an explanation and an apology, hissed the band, drowned the music in hooting, and kept up a perfect hurricane of groans, cat-calls, cock-crowing, and whistling. In all this the gallery joined them. The stage manager vainly tried to get a hearing for at least ten minutes, cries for Mr. Henderson (the lessee) and Mr. Sothern assailing him from all sides. When the curtain rose the actors were hissed, and half the first act was played in dumb show. Mr. Sothern, on his appearance, was saluted with yells and cries of "Filthy lucre!" "Shabby!" and so on. The curtain fell in the middle of the act, and Mr. Sothern and Mr. Henderson in succession addressed the audience; but neither could appease the vociferous occupants of the gallery and the back rows of the pit. Extempore orators in all parts of the house demanded the restoration of the "rights" of the audience, several personal encounters occurred in the stalls and elsewhere, and both the manager and his "star" were hissed off the stage. It was not till Mr. Henderson had promised to give the proceeds of the pit tickets to the local charities that the performance was allowed to proceed, the riot having lasted three-quarters of an hour after the rising of the curtain.

**THE BANISHMENT OF THE KING OF SPAIN'S BROTHER.**—The sudden banishment to the Canary Islands of the brother of the King-Consort of Spain, the Infante Don Enrique, which has caused so much speculation in Madrid, is explained in the following manner by the *Pensamiento Espanol*:—"The Infante had addressed a letter to the King and Queen, making offensive observations on public and family matters, and showing a great want of courtesy and respect. The Queen, not treating it as a private letter between relatives, consulted the President of the Council. Narvaez, in so delicate a matter, begged to be allowed to consult his colleagues. The council decided that the letter constituted a grave act of disrespect, and recommended that it should be visited by the banishment of the Infante to the Canaries, which has just been carried into effect, and will be continued during the Queen's pleasure. The Queen approved of the decision of the council, and the same afternoon the Captain-General of Madrid was directed to communicate to the Infante that he must prepare to leave Madrid on his journey at eight o'clock that night, with or without his family as he chose. The Infante, who had not anticipated such serious consequences from his letter, wished to write a second, retracting and apologizing for all which had given offence in the first, but was informed that it was too late. Orders were sent to Carthage, by telegraph, to despatch the sloop Isabel II for the purpose of receiving the Infante, and he is now on his way to his place of exile."

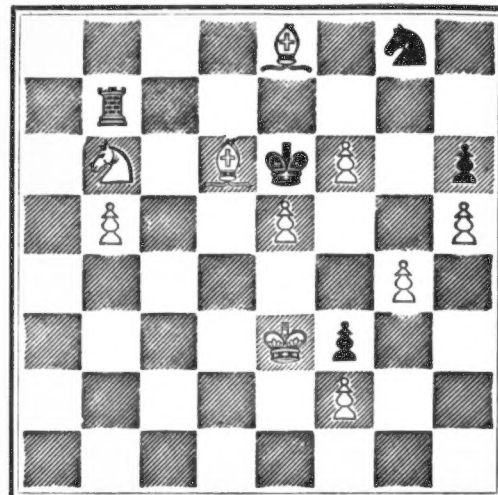
**THE SULTAN AND THE CONJUROR.**—On Saturday afternoon this able performer was invited to exhibit some of the wonders of his magical budget before his Majesty at Donau-bakane. He was received at two o'clock in the grand saloon of the palace, and found the Sultan seated on a sofa in the centre of the chamber, alone. The colonel of the guard, with other officers of the imperial household, numbering above a hundred, stood in front of a screen on the right, and on the left were the ladies of the harem, hidden behind a latticed framework through which even the eyes of a magician could not penetrate. Herr Hermann, after making his salute, performed his first trick of sending a pack of cards on an aerial voyage, a feat with which the Sultan was so much delighted that he ordered its repetition. The professor went through a series of his chief tricks, borrowing handkerchiefs, watches, and other articles from the officers in attendance, and performing with these the various sleight-of-hand marvels with which the audience at Naum's are familiar. After a performance of nearly two hours, he made his bow and was preparing to retire, when his Majesty personally urged him to continue the wonderful series of illusions. He accordingly went through several further tours, till he had fairly exhausted his stock. In this performance Herr Hermann included his "concert monere"—an admirable ventriloquial feat—with which the Sultan was especially delighted, ordering an encore of the imitation of the duck and the nightingale. Herr Hermann having at length made his final bow, the Sultan expressed his approval of the performance, and the amusement he had experienced in witnessing it. His Majesty further testified his satisfaction by a present to the artist of 300 liras, and by engaging him to give a second performance at the private theatre of the palace.—*Levant Herald*, Wednesday, November 16.

**HOMER'S** is in choice and strong, moderate in price, and wholesome to use. These advantages have secured for this a general preference. It is sold in packets by 2,380 Agents.—Advertisement.

## Chess.

PROBLEM No. 214.—By R. B. W.

Black.



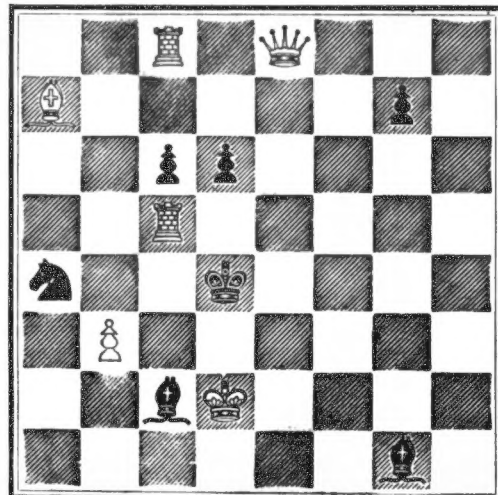
White.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 225.—By A. D. L.

(For Beginners.)

Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in two moves.

### SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 216.

- |                           |                      |
|---------------------------|----------------------|
| White.                    | Black.               |
| 1. P to K R 4 (ch)        | 1. K takes P, or (a) |
| 2. Q takes K B P          | 2. Any move          |
| 3. Q or Kt mates          |                      |
| 1. ....                   | (a) 1. K to K B 5    |
| 2. Q to Q 6 (ch)          | 2. K to K 6, or (b)  |
| 3. Kt to Q square, mating |                      |
| 2. ....                   | (b) 2. Kt to K 4     |
| 2. Q to Q 2, mating       |                      |

### SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 217.

- |                |              |
|----------------|--------------|
| 1. Kt to Q B 8 | 1. P takes Q |
| 2. K mates     |              |

### SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 218.

- |             |               |
|-------------|---------------|
| 1. B to K 2 | 1. K takes Kt |
| 2. B to B 4 | 2. K takes B  |
| 3. Kt mates |               |

### SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 219.

- |                       |             |
|-----------------------|-------------|
| 1. Kt to Q 4 (dis ch) | 1. K to R 4 |
| 2. K to R square      | 2. Any move |
| 3. P or Kt mates      |             |

G. M.—Mr. McDonnell was only thirty-seven years of age at the time of his death.

**LEARNER.**—There must always be at least one square between the Kings.

**R. G. (Winchester).**—With regard to the indisputability of the Hindu origin of Chess, see the interesting paper published in 1852 in the "Journal of the Asiatic Society," by Mr. Bland, intitled "Persian Chess, Illustrated from Oriental Sources, Especially in Reference to the Great Chess Improperly Ascribed to Nimur, and in Vindication of the Persian Origin of the Game against the Claims of the Hindus."

**T. FRANK.**—The work on Chess Openings by Major Jaenisch, called the "Analyse Nouvelle, &c.," may be procured of Messrs. Williams and Norgate, the foreign booksellers.

**T. B.**—The Pawn on Black's Q R 4, in Problem No. 56, is to prevent a second and very easy solution commencing with Kt to K 5 (ch).

**THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE LATE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.**—We understand his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has, through General Knollys, signified his desire to place a painted window in the chancel in the beautiful church at Shireoak, near Worksop, in memory of its late lamented founder. The present Duke of Newcastle has also expressed to the incumbent his intention of erecting a handsome reredos. These, with the two windows offered by the Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Ouvre, the late duke's solicitor, and two others to be raised by the parishioners, will form a noble monument to one who was in life beloved, and is now in death deeply lamented, and will make the church at Shireoak one of, if not the, most beautiful in Nottinghamshire. The Prince of Wales laid the first stone of the edifice on St. Luke's Day, 1861; the church was consecrated by the Bishop of Lincoln on October 18, 1863; and the duke died on the first anniversary of St. Luke's Day, 1864.



**POLICE COURTS  
MANSION HOUSE**

Witness replied that he could bore a couple of holes in her. The prisoner said if he did not get his insurance his brother and he, who were by young men, would be ruined. He gave witness another glass of grog, and then said, "Go on and do it, carpenter, and I'll keep the men employed while she is going down." Witness left the cabin and went on the quarter-deck. From there he went down to the half-deck, where he took a chisel, a hammer, and an inch-and-a-quarter auger out of his chest, and went on the main deck with the tools in his hand. He then threw them down the after hatch upon the ballast and went into the hold. He took up his tools and put them on the top of some dunnage, and returned to the deck. His wife then came forward and seconded him in taking the augur. Then he held the male joined him. He said witness if he could not start the wooden ends of the plank forward. The effect of that would have been to let the water in, and much faster than by a hole bored under an auger. Witness said he could not do so. He went aft on the starboard side and took out a "graving" piece a little above the water tank. He then bored a hole in a plank, upon which the water spouted through into the hold. Upon that he replaced the graving piece, hammering it in with a bullet of wood. The prisoner Sutton was present while that was done. Sutton and he then went forward to the port side into the forehold, and took out another graving piece, and bored another hole with a half-inch auger. The water made its appearance, and he replaced the graving piece, which prevented any one seeing where the water came in. Sutton and he then returned to the deck. The men on deck were then engaged getting the kegs of anchor and long-boat ready. The mate Sutton went away in her cabin and took the crew below the creases to get the anchor and long-boat ready. The anchor was slung over the side of the boat to be used at the stern of the ship. In order as to see it; they should have passed the stern of the vessel, but they did not do so. The boat returned in about eight or ten minutes, and before she came back they took the anchor on board. Lord Mayor: Then what they did in taking the anchor away was of no use? Witness: None. Mr. Oke: It was a mere feint. Witness: When the boat returned the captain asked witness if the ship was making any water. Witness was then on the poop. He sounded the pumps, and he reported to him that she had made twenty tubs of water. From the time he first sounded the pumps the ship never moved, though there was a brisk wind at the time. The captain asked him to go below, and he did so into the ship's cabin. The captain there said she was not making much water. Witness said she was not, or he could make her make more. He said, "Go on and pump it down," and he told the captain and went on deck, and then into the forehold. There he took out the graving piece and replaced it with a larger piece, an inch and a-quarter auger. If he replaced the graving piece, but he could not do so from the pressure of water, which came in very much. Witness went forward, and taking out the graving piece bored another hole there with the inch-and-a-quarter auger. After that he managed to replace the graving piece there. When he reported the twenty tubs of water no order was given by any body to pump it out. Witness then returned to the deck and found the crew getting their things ready. He went into the cabin, and the captain, the mate, and he sat down there, and had each a glass of brandy. As they drank it they had some conversation as to the qualities of the ship, how fast she could sail, and as to her being the best ship in the Baltic. At the request of the captain he went upon the deck and he asked the boatswain to come down and have a glass of grog. Witness afterwards went down into the hold with the captain, at his request, to see where the water was making water. Witness showed him the nearest place where the water came in, and they went aft together to look at the other places where the water came in. They went aft together to look at the other places where the water came in. They went aft together to look at the other places where the water came in. They went aft together to look at the other places where the water came in.

WESTMINSTER

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

MAYLEBONE

**SOUTH HARB.**

was safe on the mantel-shelf. On her return, about three minutes afterwards, she missed the prisoner and the watch as well. Information was given to the police at the police house. A constable in Hermandy street, who identified the prisoner as bringing a gold watch, was taken to him for sale about nine o'clock on the Saturday night in question. However, he would not give it. The watch answered the description of that stolen from the house of Mrs. Reichford. Sarah Martin, a young girl, residing with her parents at 4, Deane's-buildings, East-street, Walworth, said she recollected the prisoner calling on the evening of the 4th inst. He frequented her about a lodging. He seemed to know some of her friends. She said she saw him at a laundry factory close by. Her mother asked him to tea, after which he went out and returned at bed-time. On the following morning after he was gone they missed the watch from the bed, and two pairs of stockings belonging to Mr. Trother. She never saw the prisoner after that until in custody for stealing the watch. Police-constable 243 A. who took the prisoner into custody, informed his worship that there were at least a dozen other similar charges against the prisoner for robbing, the use of force, books, or anything he could lay his hands on. The prisoner, who is in the patient's master, denied the charge altogether. The witnesses were all taken down to his identity. Mr. Woolrich committed him for trial.

LAMBETH.

WANDSWORTH

GREENWICH.

REMARKABLE CASE OF BURGLARY.—William Clarence, aged 27, address refused, was brought up on remand, before Mr. Maude, charged with burglariously entering the house of Mr. George Thorne, secretary to the Crystal Palace Company, at Lower Sydenham, and stealing various articles of silver plate and three coats. The prosecutor said: On the night of the 17th instant, about half-past twelve, I was in my dressing-room. I got up to go into the hall, and in the passage I heard a scuffle, and saw a man escape through the back door. I then fastened this door on the inside, when I saw a pair of boots lying in the pantry near the back door, which did not belong to me, and upon them were three coats and a waist, which had been taken from the hall. I saw that an entrance had been made into the house through the window of the ladder, the window, which by its own weight closed itself, being open. The door of the ladder, which had been fastened, was forced to get into the house. I then found that the coats of three persons, namely, of a man, a woman and a child, had been taken from one of them. Three articles I found in a bag of my own lying near the back door, near the waste, ready to be carried away. I went upstairs, and upon returning into the hall, about half an hour afterwards, I heard a noise in the dining-room. I went in, and behind the door I found the prisoner, who was without boots. I asked him what he was doing there, and he said he was a poor fellow out of work, and asked me to search him. I took him into the pantry after he had got his hat from under the sofa in the dining-room. He then begged to have his boots, and I gave him two. I had previously found near the back door. I had no place to lock him up in so early one as six for the police, so I turned him out at the front gate. I afterwards went to the front window of the first floor of my house and looked out for the police, and at ten minutes to two o'clock two constables came by, whom I hid in at the front gate. I showed them what had been done, and the constable had effected an entrance, and when we were coming by the window of the ladder, the window door was ajar. We went in and found the prisoner, who was without boots. I said: "Why, you are the same man I showed out of the front door a little while ago." He said, "Me, sir; on, no!" and he again entreated me to search him as he had done before, but I gave him into custody. Police-constable Fowler, 35, said he took the prisoner into custody, and on searching him found a knife and an old sawkerchief. The prisoner declined giving any account of himself, or to ask the witnesses any questions. Mr. Maude committed the prisoner for trial at the next Old Bailey Sessions.



## DEATH OF LORD MANNERS.

THE Right Hon. John Thomas, second Baron Manners, of Foston, Lincolnshire, whose portrait we here give, died on the 14th ult. at Hastings. His lordship had been in a consumption for some time, and of late his health had been in a very precarious state.

Since the time when Sir Robert De Manners was one of the principal persons in the county of Northumberland, in Edward II's reign, and defended Norham Castle gallantly in the first year of Edward III's reign; and Thomas Earl of Rutland was distinguished in the reign of Henry VIII; and Charles, fourth Duke of Rutland, was even more honourably known to posterity as the patron of Crabbe than as the excellent Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the family has been always famous for its adherence to the Conservative cause, and contributes more than one of the honoured names to the ranks of the Opposition. Lord Manners was the son—by his second wife Jane, daughter of Mr. James Butler, of Fethard—of the Right Hon. Thomas Manners Sutton, a distinguished barrister, who was solicitor-general in 1805, a Baron of the Exchequer shortly afterwards, and Lord Chancellor of Ireland, 1807-28, with the title of Baron Manners of Foston. This first peer's brother was Charles, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury; his father was Lord George Manners Sutton (son of the third Duke of Rutland), who inherited the estates and assumed the name of his maternal grandfather, Robert Sutton, Baron Lexington; and his nephew was the Prime's son, the famous Speaker of the House of Commons, 1817-84, Charles Manners Sutton, who was raised to the peerage as Viscount Canterbury. The late peer was born in Stephen's-green, Dublin, August 17, 1818; succeeded his father May 31, 1842; and married, Sept. 28, 1848, Lydia Sophia, third daughter of Captain William Bateman Dashwood, R.N., by whom he leaves a youthful family of three sons and two daughters. He is succeeded in his title and estates, which are at Foston, near Bury St. Edmund's, by his eldest son, John Thomas, born May 31, 1852. The late peer was a deputy lieutenant of Norfolk and captain in the West Suffolk Militia.



THE LATE LORD MANNERS.

RAILWAY LIONS.—The Lord Advocate, M.P., delivered a lecture at Fortobello (the opening of the winter course), and discoursed at considerable length, and in an agreeable and attractive style, on the evidences of social progress. Speaking of the impossibility of assigning a limit to discovery and invention, he remarked: Posterity will, no doubt, praise your ingenuity, but posterity will also, as it is wont to do, speak of you also with contemptuous disparagement. Posterity will say—"What times those were when travellers were stopped at Bagshot, or Hounslow, or Shooters'-hill. Railroads, no doubt, put an end to these adventures, but only to give rise to greater danger. Would you believe it?" My successor in this hall may say in 1964—"Would you believe it, a hundred years ago they treated a traveller like a convict? They locked him in a box, and, ill or well, living or dead, no man could see him, and he could see no man, until he had gone forty miles. It is a fact. He might be shut up with a murderer, a madman, with a drunkard or a villain, he might die of apoplexy; he might have his throat cut: all this was thought of no consequence at that time. The simple arrangements which we now make were often proposed, but resisted with frantic wrath as being utterly impracticable. They had built their carriages for people to be imprisoned in them, and therefore imprisoned they must be. The easy expedient of a gangway outside the carriage and a bell inside was assailed with a hundred good and conclusive objections. People would use it recklessly; and it was a pity to disturb the guard when asleep when he ought to be awake. It would enable anybody to stop the train, although, as you all know, it does not enable any one to stop the train; it would enable thieves to reach the carriages and to escape—which is about as good a reason for not making a road to your house." And thus would the lecturer in 1964 keep his audience amused by the preposterous and stolid folly of these times. It is pretended that there is no satisfactory proposal for remedying the evil. I answer, there are a hundred ways of remedying the evil, and the worst of them is not so bad as the state of things which exists. It is high time that progress travelled by rail.

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## THE LATE JULES GERARD.

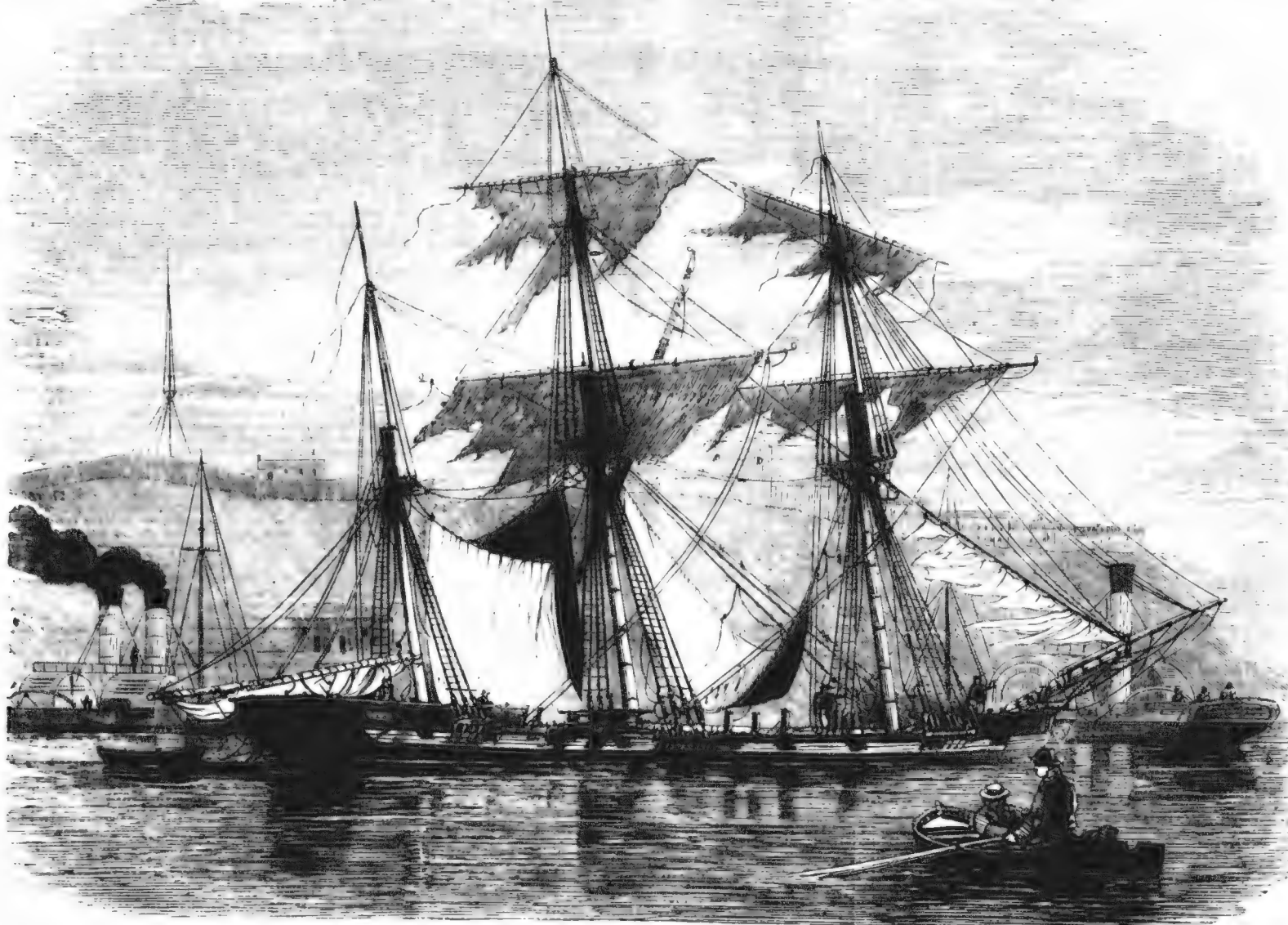
THE news of the premature death of Jules Gerard, the famous lion hunter, has been confirmed. Letters have arrived in Paris announcing that the intrepid traveller had been drowned while fording a river in Africa. He was born of poor parents at Pignan, Var, June 14, 1817, so that he was in his forty-eighth year.

Gerard was fond of sport from his youth; at ten he chased cats and monkeys, at sixteen he carried a rifle, and was a bit of a pugilist. He was a volunteer for the Algerian campaign in 1831, and commenced the life of adventures which has been terminated in so untimely a manner. He describes, in his well-known work "Le Tueur de Lions" (1857-8), how it came to pass that a poor dwarf of a creature like him ventured to declare war against the giant of the woods—"one against one—chance for chance—God alone being a witness of the fight." Not long after his arrival at Bone he heard of the terrible lion of the Archons, which had committed unheard-of devastations among villagers and troops alike. Said Gerard, magnanimously, "If it pleases God, I, who am not an Arab, will kill the lion, and he shall not devour you any more." His heart, he tells us, bounded for joy at the coming fight. "Soon this all-powerful lord, the terror of the country, will bite the dust under the tail of a dog of a Christian." The villagers were incredulous, and intimated to Jules that if he killed the lion, they would kiss his feet and become his slaves; meanwhile they would mind their own business.

Of the twenty-five lions which have fallen victims to Gerard's rifle we are told appalling stories of "El Haib," the lame one, alias Bon-Acherin-Radiel, the murderer of twenty men; the lion of Krou Naga, the lion of Mejer Amar, the lion of Zerazer, the lioness of El Hanout, &c. He was called by the Arabs "The Terrible Frank." The Duc d'Aumale had given him a brace of pistols, and, on his return to France in 1847, he had an interview with the Duchess of Orleans and the youthful Count de Paris, who, unsolicited, left the room for five minutes, and returning, said artlessly, "These villainous beasts will finish you one day. A good hunter must be a good soldier. You must be preserved to the army. Accept these pistols to preserve you."

In 1855 Gerard returned once more to France with the rank of sub lieutenant, and received the decoration of the Legion of Honour. He had within the last year or two left France on another expedition into Africa, and he has unfortunately perished in the course of it by a sad accident.

THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW FOR 1864.—The interest of the Queen in the improvement in cattle has been manifested in a marked degree by the visit of her Majesty to the royal Flemish and home farms at Windsor during the week, with the object, it is understood, of seeing the specimens selected for entry at the ensuing Cattle Show, in the name of the Prince of Wales, who is this year a competitor in several of the classes. The animals are described as very beautiful, especially one or two of the Devons. It is believed that the Prince, if not the Princess, of Wales will visit the show on the opening day, Monday, the 5th of December.



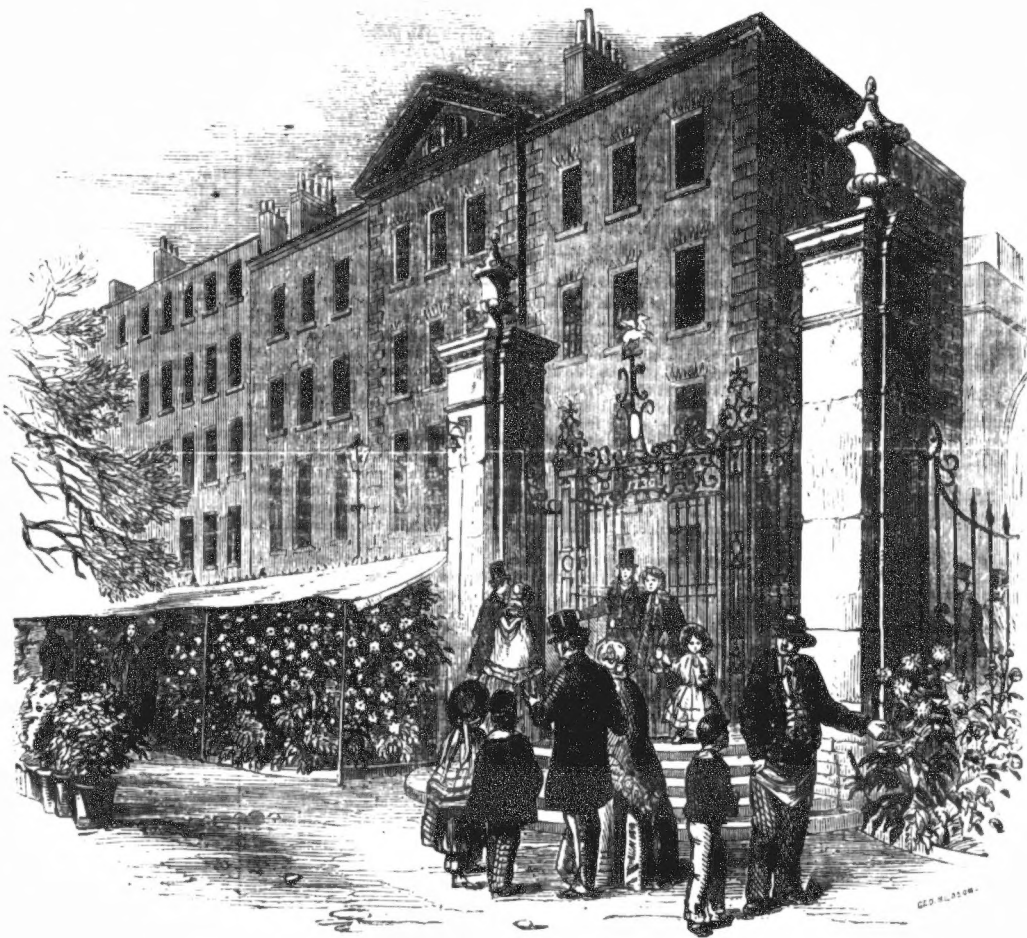
THE DERELICT SHIP OREGON ON HER WAY TO PLYMOUTH. (See page 391.)



# THE CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW AT THE TEMPLE GARDENS.

In consequence of the severe nights and heavy winds, the chrysanthemum show at the Temple Gardens, although at first bidding fair to rival any previous year, has neither been so good nor of so long a duration as was anticipated. We gave some particulars in our illustration of the Temple Gardens a fortnight since. We herewith give another engraving showing the entrance gates to one portion of the gardens where the principal show has been seen.

**OSTRICH FARMING.**—The *Cape Argus* publishes the following statement taken from a Colesberg paper:—"At a meeting of the committee of the Agricultural Society held last week, Mr. L. von Mallitz, well known as a most enterprising and successful farmer in this district, gave the following account of his experience in ostrich farming:—"Towards the close of last year, I purchased seventeen young ostriches of three or four months old. I placed them in an enclosure of 300 acres in extent, in which they had a free run. They have been kept there ever since, and have subsisted entirely upon the herbage of the enclosure, except an occasional feed of grain when driven up to the house for the inspection of visitors. I had other stock within the enclosure, and thirty-five birds can be carried year in and year out upon 300 acres of good grazing land,—land rather superior to the common run. At the end of April I had the wings of the birds plucked, where the feathers of commerce grow. In consequence of the youth



THE CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW AT THE TEMPLE GARDENS.

of the birds these feathers were valueless. I now find that the birds will be fit to pluck again at the end of the present month, verifying the statement made at the last Swellendam show by one of its members, who was, like myself, experimenting in this novel description of farming, that he obtained feathers fully grown from his ostriches every six months. My ostriches are so tame that they allow themselves to be handled and their plumage minutely examined. Being desirous of ascertaining the opinion of those versed in the trade as to the commercial value of the feathers, I have had the birds examined by several, and the general opinion is that the largest feathers, of which there are twenty-four on the wing of each male bird, are worth £25 per lb., and that the yield of the whole plucking, the majority of the birds being males, will not fall short of £10 each upon the average. I think the statement made at Swellendam Agricultural Show sets the value of each half-yearly plucking at £12 10s. per bird, and this I have no doubt will be the average of mine when they arrive at maturity, according to the present market value of feathers. The original cost of the young birds was about £5 each. It seems to us by the foregoing that our hitherto neglected district, which, with the adjoining Free State, is pre-eminently the ostrich country, is likely to eclipse the gold mines of Australia, California, and Vancouver."

LORD WENLOCK has been appointed Lord-Lieutenant of the East Riding of Yorkshire in the room of the Earl of Carlisle, whose ill health has obliged him to resign.

## Literature.

### THE CROW-CHILD.

MIDWAY between a certain blue lake and a deep forest there once stood a cottage called by its owner "The Rookery."

The forest shut out the sunlight and scowled upon the ground, breaking with shadows every ray that fell, until only a few little places lay scattered about. But the broad lake invited all the rays to come and rest upon her, so that sometimes she shone from shore to shore, and the sun winked and blinked above her as though dazzled by his own reflection.

The cottage, which was very small, had sunny windows and dark windows. Only from the roof could you see the mountains beyond, where the light crept up in the morning and down in the evening, turning all the brooks into silver as it passed.

But something brighter than sunshine used often to look from the cottage into the forest; and something even more gloomy than shadows often glowered from its windows upon the sunny lake. One was the face of little Ruky Lynn; and the other was his sister's, when she felt angry or ill-tempered.

They were orphans, Cora and Ruky, living alone in the cottage with an old uncle. Cora—or "Cor," as Ruky pronounced it—was nearly sixteen years old, but her brother had seen the forest turn yellow only four times. She was, therefore, almost mother and sister in one. The little fellow was her companion night and day. Together they ate and slept, and when Cora was not at work in the cottage—together they rambled in the wood, or floated in their little skiff upon the lake.

Ruky had such deep eyes, that Cora said they reminded her of two dark nights with a single star in each; and his hair was so glossy black, it made his cheeks look even rosier than they were. He had funny motions, too—delighted in hopping about like a bird; and, young as he was, often managed to mount high up in a low-branching tree near the cottage, though he could not always get down again. Sometimes, when perched almost out of sight, he screamed, "Cor! Cor! come, take me down!" his sister would answer, as she ran out laughing, "Yes, little Crow! I'm coming, I'm coming!"

Perhaps it was because he reminded her of a crow that Cora often called him her birdie. She was generally kind, except when a cross fit came upon her. Then she would scold and grumble at him, until he would steal from the cottage door, and jumping lightly from the door-step, seek the shelter of his tree.

Once perched safely among its branches, he knew she would finish her work, forget her ill-humour, and be quite ready, when he cried, "Cor! Cor!" to come out laughing, "Yes, little Crow! I'm coming, I'm coming!"

No one could help loving Ruky, with his quick, affectionate ways; and it seemed that Ruky, in turn, could not help loving every person and thing around him. He loved his silent old uncle, the bright lake, the cool forest, and even his little china cup with red berries painted upon it. But more than all Ruky loved his golden-haired sister, and the great dog, who would plunge into the lake at the mere pointing of his chubby little finger.

Nep and Ruky talked often together, and though one used bark and the other words, there was a perfect understanding between them. Woe to the straggler that dared to cross Nep's path, and woe to the bird or rabbit that ventured too near!—these great teeth snapped at their prey without even the warning of a growl. But Ruky could safely pull Nep's ears or his tail, or climb his great shaggy back, or even snatch away the unsated bone. Still, as I said before, every one loved the child; so, of course, Nep was no exception.

One day Ruky's "Cor! Cor!" had sounded oftener than usual. His rosy face had bent anxiously to kiss Cora's upturned forehead, as she raised her arms to lift him from the tree; but the sparkle in his dark eyes had seemed to kindle so much mischief in him that his sister's patience became fairly exhausted.

"Has Cor nothing to do but to wait upon you," she cried; "and nothing to listen to but your noise and your racket? You shall go to bed early to-day, and then I shall have some peace!"

"No, no, Cor. Please let Ruky wait till the stars come. Ruky be good."

"Hush! Ruky is bad. He shall have a big whipping when uncle comes back from town."

Nep growled.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Ruky, jerking his head saucily from side to side; "Nep says, 'No!'"

Nep was shut out of the cottage for his pains, and poor Ruky was undressed and sent supperless to bed.

He could not sleep, for his eyelids were scalded with tears, and his plaintive "Cor, Cor!" had reached his sister's ears in vain. She never once looked up from those gleaming knitting-needles, nor even gave him his good-night kiss.

It grew late. The uncle did not return. At last Cora, sulky and weary, locked the cottage door, blew out her candle, and lay down beside her brother.

The poor little fellow tried to win a forgiving word, but she was too ill-natured to grant it. In vain he whispered, "Cor, Cor!" he even touched her hand over and over again with his lips, hoping she would turn towards him, and with a loving kiss, murmur as usual, "Good-night, little birdie."

Instead of this, she jerked her arm angrily away, saying, "Oh, stop your poking and go to sleep! I wish you were a crow in earnest, and then I should have some peace."

After this Ruky was silent. His heart drooped within him as he wondered what this "peace" was that his sister wished for so often, and why he must go away before it could come to her.

Soon Cora, who had rejoiced in the sudden calm, heard a strange fluttering. In an instant she saw by the starlight a dark object wheel once or twice in the air above her, then dart suddenly through the open window.

Astonished that Ruky had not either shouted with delight at the strange visitor, or else clung to her neck in fear, she turned to see if he had fallen asleep.

No wonder that she started up horror-stricken—Ruky was not there!

His empty place was still warm—perhaps he had slid softly from the bed. With trembling haste she lit the candle, and peered in every corner. The boy was not to be found!

Then those fearful words rang in her ears, "I wish you were a crow in earnest!"

Cora rushed to the door, and looked out into the still night.

"Ruky! Ruky!" she screamed.

There was a slight stir in the low-growing tree.

"Ruky, darling, come back!"

"Caw, caw!" answered a harsh voice from the tree. Something black seemed to spin out of it, then in great sweeping circles sailed upward, until finally it settled upon a lofty tree in the forest.

"Caw, caw!" it screamed, fiercely.

The girl shuddered, but, with outstretched arms, cried out, "Oh, Ruky, if it is you, come back to poor Cor!"

"Caw, caw!" mocked hundreds of voices as a shadow like a thunder-cloud rose in the air. It was an immense flock of crows. She could distinguish them plainly in the starlight, circling higher, then lower and lower, until, screaming "caw, caw!" they sailed far off into the night.

"Answer me, Ruky!" she cried.

Nep growled, the forest trees whispered busily together, and the lake, twinkling with stars, sang a lullaby as it lifted its weary little waves upon the shore: there was no other sound.

It seemed that daylight would never come; but at last the trees turned slowly from black to green, and the lake put out its stars one by one and waited for the sunshine.

Cora, who had been wandering restlessly in every direction, now went weeping into the cottage. "Poor boy!" she sobbed; "he had no supper." Then she scattered bread crumbs near the doorway, hoping that Ruky would come for them; but only a few

timid little songsters hovered about, and, while Cora wept, picked up the food daintily, as though it burned their bills.

When she reached forth her hand, though there were no crows among them, and called "Ruky!" they were frightened away in an instant.

Next she went to the steep-roofed barn, and bringing out an apronful of grain, scattered it all around his favourite tree. Before long, to her great joy, a flock of crows came by. They eyed the grain, and were soon busily picking it up with their short feathery bills. One even came near the mound where she sat. Unable to restrain herself longer, she knelt down, with an imploring cry, "Oh, Ruky, is this you?"

Instantly the entire flock set up an angry "caw," and surrounding the crow who was hopping closer and closer to Cora, horrid him off, until they all looked like mere specks against the summer sky.

Every day, rainy or shiny, she scattered the grain, trembling with dread lest Nep should leap among the hungry crows and perhaps kill her own birdie first. But Nep knew better; he never stirred when the noisy crowd settled around the cottage, except once, when one of them lit upon his back. Then he started up, wagging his tail, and barked with uproarious delight. The crow flew off with a frightened "caw," and did not venture near him again.

Poor Cora felt sure that this could be no other than Ruky. Oh, if she only could have caught him then! Perhaps with kisses and prayers she might have won him back to Ruky's shape; but now the chance was lost.

There were none to help her; for the nearest neighbour dwelt miles away, and her uncle had not yet returned.

After a while she remembered the little cup, and filling it with grain stood it upon a grassy mound. When the crows came they fought and struggled for its contents with many an angry cry. One of them made no effort to seize the grain. He seemed contented to peck at the berries painted upon its sides as he hopped joyfully around it again and again.

Nep lay very quiet. Only the tip of his tail twitched with an eager, wistful motion. But Cora sprang joyfully towards the bird.

"It is Ruky!" she cried, striving to catch it.

Ah! the cup lay shattered beneath her hand, as, with a taunting "caw, caw," the crow joined its fellows and flew away.

Soon nearly the entire flock alighted upon a distant border of the lake.

Some foul carrion lay there, washed on shore by a recent storm. The crows greedily hovered about it, and by many a sweep and pounce showed their delight.

"Oh, if Ruky should be among them!" cried Cora; and the thought pierced her heart.

Next gunners came. They did not care for the crows; but Cora trembled night and day. She could hear the sharp ring of fowling-pieces in the forest, and shuddered whenever Nep, picking up his ears, darted with an angry howl in the direction of the sound.

Time flew by. The leaves seemed to flash into bright colours and fall off almost in a day. Frost and snow came. Still the uncle had not returned, or, if he had, she did not know it. Her brain was bewildered. She knew not whether she ate or slept. Only the terrible firing reached her ears, or that living black cloud came and went with its ceaseless "caw."

At last, during a night of wind and storm, it seemed to Cora that she must go forth and seek her poor bird. "Perhaps he is freezing—dying!" she cried, springing from the bed and casting a long mantle over her night-dress. In a moment she was trudging barefooted through the snow. It was so deep she could scarcely walk, and the sleet was driving into her face; still she kept on, though her numbed feet seemed scarcely to belong to her. All the way she was praying in her heart and promising never, never to be passionate again if she could only find her birdie—not Ruky the boy, but whatever he might be—she was willing to accept her punishment. Soon a faint cry reached her ear. With eager haste she peered into every fold of the drifted



snow. A black object caught her eye. It was a poor, storm-beaten crow lying there benumbed and stiff.

Sure that it was Ruky, she folded it closely to her bosom, and plodded back to the cottage. The fire cast a rosy light on its smoky wing as she entered, but the poor thing did not stir. Softly stroking and warming it, she wrapped the frozen bird in soft flannel, and breathed into its open mouth. Soon, to her great relief, it revived, and even swallowed a few grains of wheat.

Cold and weary she cast herself upon the bed, still folding the bird to her heart. "It is all I ask," she sobbed; "I dare not pray for more."

Suddenly she felt a peculiar stirring. The crow seemed to grow larger. Then, in the dim light, she felt its feathers pressing tenderly against her cheek. Next, something soft and warm wound itself tenderly about her neck; and she heard a sweet voice saying, "Don't cry, Cor; I'll be good."

She started up. It was indeed her own darling. The starlight had faded away. Lighting her candle she looked at the clock. It was just two hours since those cruel words had fallen from her lips!

Sobbing, she asked, "Have I been asleep, Ruky, dear?"  
"I don't know, Cor. Do people cry when they're asleep?"  
"Sometimes, Ruky," clasping him very close.  
"Then you have been asleep. But, Cor, please don't let uncle whip Ruky!"  
"No, no, my birdie—I mean my brother. Good night, darling!"

## NEW WORKS.

BELL'S ENGLISH POETS: *Songs of the Dramatists* London: Charles Griffin and Co.  
BELL'S ENGLISH POETS: *Butler* London: Charles Griffin and Co.

The first of the above volumes, with poems and songs, dating back upwards of 350 years, and bearing ample notes and short memoirs by its well-known editor, Mr. Bell, is decidedly the most valuable and entertaining of any previously issued, though all have their respective merits. In the second we have Butler's celebrated "Hudibras," with the same careful notes, and an excellent memoir. No library should be without "Bell's English Poets."

Bow BALLS. Part III. Price 6d. London: J. Dicks, 313, Strand.

The oftener that these Paris issues the more is our wonder how such an immense amount of excellent literary matter, together with the number of beautiful engravings, can be produced at so cheap a rate. Nor does our wonder stay here. There are also three presents with the Part, each of equal or more value than the work itself—viz., a large coloured engraving of "Dick Whittington at Highgate," a coloured steel plate of the Paris fashions, and a needlework supplement for ladies. The exciting tale of "Twenty Straws," continues its all-absorbing interest, as does also "Dr. Pomeroy." The picturesque sketches comprise Clifton Suspension Bridge, Mong-Kong, The Lizards, and Shorncliffe Camp. The fine arts are beautifully represented by the Town Hall of Bruges, Peasant Shooting, Louis the Seventeenth in the Temple, and the Sailor's Daughter. The portraits and memoirs are those of Mr. Sims Reeves, Lady Palmerston, the Very Reverend Dr. Close, and Mr. Charles Keble. The music includes the Air-de-Camp Galop, Tyrolean Maiden's Song, Magna Pa Polka, and The Fairies' Dance. Besides these features there are the attractive ladies' pages and their illustrations, useful practical receipts, poetry by Eliza Cook and others, and an amount of general literary and entertaining matter truly marvellous.

LONDON LABOUR AND LONDON POOR. By HENRY MAYHEW. Parts VII and VIII.—London: Griffin and Company. This elaborate work continues to launch forth its mass of facts relative to the every-day out-door life of those who gain their living in the streets of London, with unabated vigour. As we dip into these interesting pages, we are irresistibly led on to continue our perusal of the extraordinary facts laid bare by Mr. Mayhew's untiring researches. In Part VII we have a graphic account of a meeting of thieves, conveyed by the author, also a deal of valuable information upon the subject of the women and children toiling in London's busy streets. In Part VIII we enter upon the second volume, and this takes us to the well-known eastern localities of Houndditch, Petticoat-lane, Rosemary-lane, &c., with their stores of second-hand clothes and other wares, all together forming a most interesting number.

## NEW MUSIC.

Messrs. R. Cocks and Co's (New Burlington street) New Publications.  
HAPPY BE TRY DRUMS. Words by J. E. CARPENTER. Music by J. R. THOMAS.—A charming ballad, full of sentiment, and which will readily be admitted by those who have heard it warbled so sweetly by the Christy's Minstrels. It is one of their gems, and is deservedly encircled nightly. The ballad, we feel assured, will become very popular.

THE DAVENPORT QUADRILLES. By STEPHEN GLOVER.—If all be jugglery on the part of the Brothers Davenport, and we are more than strongly of opinion that such is the case, then we regret that a set of quadrilles so excellent should bear such a title. The musical performances of the Brothers Davenport in their dances are far from melodious, while the music of the quadrilles before us is unexceptionable. The title certainly affords scope for a splendid coloured frontispiece, which is most artistically finished.

THE TRUE FRIENDS' QUADRILLE. Composed for the pianoforte, by STEPHEN GLOVER.—Another beautiful frontispiece, and music far above the average of many of the quadrilles which have of late appeared. Both frontispiece and music will be warmly received by all "true friends" of sterling music.

THE FIRESIDE ALBUM. Composed for the pianoforte, by ADAM WRIGHT.—This beautifully illustrated album contains a quadrille, polka, and waltz, of considerable merit, written most effectively for playing; indeed, they are three of the best compositions we have heard for some time. The frontispiece depicts just such a fireside scene as we hope may be found in many a home during the approaching Christmas. It is particularly reasonable and happy in every detail.

DEATH OF GENERAL WYNARD O.B.—The death of the above general officer, colonel of the 58th Regiment of Foot, occurred recently. The late General Edward Buckley Wynyard was formerly in the Grenadier Guards, and, after obtaining the rank of colonel of that regiment, was appointed aide-de-camp to William IV. He served with the army in Sicily from 1808 to March, 1810, when he was severely wounded at the attack on Santa Maura, for which he subsequently obtained the brevet rank of major; he was also present and on the staff with the force that occupied Ichiu and Precida. He was made a Companion of the Order of the Bath in 1846, and was appointed colonel of the 58th (the Rutlandshire) Regiment of Foot in January, 1851. His commissions bore date as follows:—Ensign, Dec. 17, 1803; lieutenant and captain, Jan. 7, 1808; brevet major, March 25, 1813; captain and lieutenant-colonel, April 28, 1821; colonel, June 22, 1830; major-general, Nov. 23, 1841; lieutenant-general, Nov. 13, 1851; and general, Jan. 23, 1860. The colonelcy of the 58th Regiment becomes at the disposal of the Commander-in-Chief by the death of the late general.

FOR TOOTHACHE. The dolorous Pains, Neuralgia, and all nervous affections, use Dr. Johnson's Toothache and Tis Pills. They allay pain and give power to the whole nervous system without affecting the bowels. A box, by post, 14 stamps, Rendall, chemist, Clapham-road, London.—(Adv.)

## The Court.

On Monday morning, about ten o'clock, the massive and elegant sarcophagus, which is intended to be placed in the new royal mausoleum at Frogmore as a fitting receptacle for the remains of the Prince Consort, was conveyed from the goods station of the Windsor terminus of the Great Western Railway to the royal grounds at Frogmore. The sarcophagus, which is of a dark polished Scotch granite, arrived at Windsor for Aberdeen on Sunday morning. It consists of two parts, each of which was carefully packed in strong wooden cases. They weigh together about thirteen tons. The recumbent statue of the Prince Consort, which is to be placed on the top of the sarcophagus, will, it is understood, be the work of Baron Marochetti. The mausoleum itself is now nearly finished.

### WHAT IS A BONA FIDE TRAVELLER.

In the Court of Queen's Bench was heard a case, *Fisher v. Howard*, being an appeal against a conviction of Mr. Arnold, one of the metropolitan police magistrates, under the 2nd and 3rd Vict. c. 47, sec. 42, by which it was enacted that "no licensed victualler should open his house for the sale of fermented liquors on Sundays, Christmas-days, and Good Fridays, before one o'clock in the afternoon, except for the refreshment of travellers." It appeared that some persons were going from the Victoria Station to Croydon on a Sunday. They had absolutely taken their tickets, and they then, before the train started, went into the appellant's refreshment-rooms at the station, and were served with some refreshments. Mr. Arnold convicted the publican under the Act, upon which he appealed on the ground that the parties supplied with refreshments were travellers, and came within the exemption in the Act.

Mr. O. Pollock now urged on the part of the respondent, and in support of the conviction, that these persons were not travellers. The Act said nothing respecting persons being passengers by railways.

Mr. Justice Crompton: What is the meaning of the word "traveller?" When does a man become a traveller?

Mr. Pollock said that, according to the view of the other side, a man would become a traveller as soon as he left his house. Many of the persons who kept refreshment houses were also innkeepers. If the appellant was justified in serving these parties with refreshments, any publican had a right to give refreshment to any one who alleged that he was going by a railway. A man might feel a want of something before he reached the railway station. A man might live at Highgate, and might feel a necessity of tasting something soon after he started from his home. Would the publican be justified in serving him? If so, it would render the statute nugatory. The Act had no reference to railways.

Mr. Justice Mellor: A man takes a railway ticket, and although he did not start at the moment, yet surely he was a traveller.

Mr. Justice Crompton: When a man has taken his ticket, he certainly must be considered to have become a traveller, and he might feel anxious to have a glass before starting.

Mr. Pollock: I cannot say such a man is not a traveller.

Mr. Justice Crompton: Some persons require more refreshment than others, and a person might like to take something before starting, fearing he might not be able to procure anything for some time after wards.

Mr. Justice Mellor: Here is a man who has taken his ticket, and just before starting felt some came for a little fermented liquor. Surely he might take it.

Mr. Pollock said: Supposing he left his chambers on a Sunday morning to go and see his aunt, who lived at Croydon, why should he go all the way to the station before he could get anything? Why might he not get it as he was walking to the station at the first public-house he came to? He thought a man was as much a traveller when he left his house as he was after he got to the station and had taken his ticket.

Mr. Justice Mellor said there was reason in every case. If it was to be said that after a man had taken his ticket he was not a traveller, and could not obtain refreshments, railway travelling on Sundays might be stopped altogether.

Mr. Pollock said he thought that two men walking from Highgate were as much travellers as those who were going by railway.

Mr. Sleight, Mr. Poland, and Mr. Jenkins appeared for the appellant, but were not heard.

Mr. Justice Crompton said the conviction must be quashed. The parties in this case were travellers in the full sense of the term. For himself, he thought a man might be considered a traveller who was going by rail before he took his ticket.

Mr. Justice Mellor said the Act was for the prevention of persons going into public-houses and sitting down drinking and smoking. These cases must be decided in a great measure by common sense.

Conviction quashed, and judgment given for appellant. This is the first decision with regard to refreshment-rooms at railway stations.

### A DANGEROUS MONOMANIAC.

A SINGULAR case of acquittal on the ground of monomania has occurred in the Assize Court of La Vendee, France. A peasant girl named Hilarie, of good character, some time since brought a charge of violation against one Auvinet, a small farmer. Her evidence was not believed, and the authorities refused to prosecute. Shortly afterwards she set fire to one of Auvinet's haystacks for no other conceivable motive than that of avenging herself for the outrage, which she persisted in saying and been perpetrated upon her by Auvinet. She was tried for the arson and acquitted, the jury really believing that she had been ill-used. A few days after she came out of prison M. Dubois, the landlord of the Hilarie family, and also of Auvinet, gave the former notice to quit. The girl, under the impression that M. Dubois had espoused the cause of Auvinet against her, set fire to a woodstack belonging to Dubois. For this second fire she was tried the other day. According to the medical evidence produced by the prosecution she was of a low order of intellect, but not insane, although it was to be feared that if released she would again commit incendiarism. The mad doctors distinctly said the state of her mind was not such as to justify them in detaining her in a lunatic asylum. Under these circumstances the public prosecutor pressed earnestly for a conviction, otherwise, he said, a revengeful criminal would be let loose upon society, encouraged by impunity, and a judicial certificate of irresponsibility, to commit fresh crimes. The counsel for the defence, however, pleaded monomania produced by unredressed wrongs. He admitted the great probability that his client would, if she remained in her native village, set fire to more stacks, but said there was a hope of her being cured if she could be removed to some distant spot. The jury acquitted the prisoner, and the court ordered that she should be immediately set at liberty.

A VOLUNTEER SHOT DEAD.—On Saturday, while some members of the volunteer corps at Loughhead were engaged in target practice, one of the competitors (whose name we have not yet been able to learn) was accidentally shot dead by a comrade.—*Edinburgh Courier.*

TACK UNCOLOURED TEA are now supplied by Messrs. Baker and Baker, Tea Merchants, London, through their agents in town and country. These teas combine fine flavour with lasting strength, and are more wholesome than the tea in ordinary use hence their great demand.—*Adver. News.*

## THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

### GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Cauliflower and lettuce in frames, to grow them storky should have all the air possible, and only protected from sharp frosts or heavy rain. Continue to pot herbs and place them in a gentle heat. Peas and beans, if not done last week, should be sown this week. In former sowings, as they appear above ground, draw earth carefully round them. Plant rhubarb and sea-kale in pots or boxes, and place in a corner where there is heat and darkness. Look over stores of potatoes, and remove all that are diseased or mouldy. Those in pits, if showing no signs of fermentation, should be finally earthed over for the winter.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Potted to carry out all alterations and planting in favourable weather. Give the ground plenty of mulching. Give auriculars plenty of air; but protect from rain or snow. Plant crocuses, hyacinths, jonquills, and other bulbous roots without delay. Look over beds of heartsease and pinks after rain and frosts, and tighten those which may be loose at their roots. Plant the hardiest kinds of herbaceous plants in mild weather. See that the roots of ranunculuses are kept perfectly dry. Plant roses in mild open weather.

FRUIT GARDEN.—A curious discovery has recently been made regarding the influence of iron on vegetables. On the chalky shores of France and England, where there is an absence of iron, vegetation has a sere and blanched appearance. This is entirely removed, it appears, by the application of a solution of the sulphate of iron. Haricot beans watered with this substance acquired an additional weight of sixty per cent. Mulberries, peaches, pears, vines, and wheat derive advantages from the same treatment. In the cultivation of clover wonderful advantages have been gained by the application of the sulphate of iron on soils where it is desired to produce an early crop. The material is of course cheap, and the quantity small. All the scales falling around the blacksmith's anvil should be saved for the land—they are worth 6d. a quart to the gardener. No fruit is so much benefited by iron rust in soils as the pear.

### THE BIRMINGHAM CATTLE AND POULTRY EXHIBITION.

The annual show of cattle, roots, corn, and poultry, opened for the sixteenth year, in Bingley Hall, on Monday morning. Respecting the show of animals generally, though it presents this year fully the average standard of excellence there is less than usual to be observed of predominating merit in particular specimens. It sometimes happens that people can, like the comedian, "see at a glance" which is the best animal of its class, and can form a tolerably correct guess which is worthy to take rank as the premier of the collection. This year, however, the competition is so exceedingly close in many of the divisions (whether from the prize animal hardly being up to the level of former years, or his companions being generally beyond it), that the distinction of merit is not to be discovered without long and careful examination. The judges, though increased from three to five for the cattle classes, and divided into a double staff, did not finish their work much earlier than they did last year, when the same three had to go through the whole lot. Notwithstanding the pains they thus bestowed, their judgments will no doubt be many of them reversed in the court of appeal, at Islington; for, while experience of cattle show adjudication every year proves that it is impossible for separate bodies of impartial men to exactly agree as to the comparative excellence of prize animals, the present assessment is peculiarly calculated to elicit their differences.

In the classes for cattle the Herefords, as usual, carried off the palm, though there were no very extraordinary animals exhibited. The ox shown by Mr. Phillips, of Ardington, Berks, in class 1, took not only the first prize but also the extra £25, as the best beast exhibited in the class, the gold medal as the best ox or steer, and the twenty-five guineas as the best beast in the yard. Lord Walsingham's (the president's) prize, a silver cup value twenty-five guineas, for the best ox or steer of any breed or age, to be bred and fed by the exhibitor, was carried off by an animal exhibited by Mr. T. Pulver, of Broughton, near Wellingborough; and the Earl of Aylesford's extra prize of £15 for the best short-horn heifer was given to an animal exhibited by the Duke of Sutherland; but for this prize there was much competition. The extra prize of £25 for the best animal of the Devon breed exhibited was taken by Mr. W. Smith, of Exeter, for an animal shown by him in class 10, for Devon steers not exceeding three years and three months old. Lord Derby took the first prize in class 16, West Highland oxen or steers, some fifteen animals being exhibited in that class. His lordship also took the extra £25 as exhibitor of the best specimen of the Scotch breed in the three classes. In the four classes for cows and heifers the gold medal was awarded to an animal exhibited by Mr. Stedman, of Shropshire, in class 3, and a more splendid specimen of purity of breed has never been seen at any show. The extra prize of £25 for the best shorthorn was awarded to a cow shown in class 9 by Mr. Robert Sharpe, of Courtlands, Sussex.

The classes for sheep were well filled. The Shropshires were good, but by far the best animals shown were the two shear Downs exhibited by Lord Walsingham; such animals as these have never been seen before in Bingley Hall. In class 26, the extra £10 prize for the best pen of long-wools offered by Mr. Holliday, the late Mayor of Birmingham, was awarded to a pen exhibited by Mr. Foljame, of Osberton Hall, Notts; and the extra prize of £25, offered by the linen and woollen drapers of Birmingham for the best pen of fat wethers, was awarded to Lord Walsingham, who carried off the first and second prizes in this class, the third being given to Lord Radnor. The extra prize of ten guineas for the best pen of South and other Down sheep, offered by Mr. Baldwin, a member of the Birmingham Town Council, and Mr. Hodgson, the deputy clerk of the place, was awarded to Lord Walsingham; and Mr. Newdegate's prize, a silver cup, for the best pen of Shropshires, was gained by Lord Wenlock, the competition in this class being very considerable.

JUSTICE AT ROME.—A Turin correspondent writes:—"In order no doubt to interest liberal Europe in its cause, the Roman police has, through its persecutions, driven to madness a poor shoemaker, named Rizzo, who was confined in the prison of St. Michele, though his innocence was as clear as the broad light of day. The poor fellow having been taken ill, he was removed to an hospital. Weakened by the illness and by the many bleedings applied by the doctor, when convalescence began he was again removed to his cell. He had been there for several days, when one morning he was found lying senseless on the floor, with his head bleeding from a large wound. The unhappy man in his delirium had knocked his head against the walls of his prison, and he is now lying in a very dangerous state. The fact having made a great sensation at Rome, the Pope ordered that the trial should be looked into again, and the shoemaker was found to be innocent of the imputed crime. This is the manner in which the priests govern an unhappy population; this is the system of government that still finds supporters in Europe."

LITERARY CURIOSITY.—The oldest newspaper in the world is published in Peking. It is printed on a large sheet of silk, and it is said, has made a weekly appearance for upwards of a thousand years.

NO HOME COMPLETE WITHOUT A WILLOCK AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable, and noiseless. Warranted to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect family machine. Prospectus free on application at 135, Regent-street.—*Advertisement.*



LORD ELOHO ON THE VOLUNTEERS.

On Saturday evening, the ceremony of presenting prizes to the successful competitors of the London Scottish Rifles took place in Westminster Hall, in the presence of a large gathering of spectators.

The prizes, which were both valuable and numerous, were displayed on a platform at the western extremity of the hall, on which also presided Lady Elcho, who subsequently handed the prizes to the different recipients.

The members of the corps mustered in the hall in strong force about seven o'clock, and were put through a long series of manoeuvres by Captain and Adjutant Page. They were afterwards inspected by their Lieutenant-Colonel, Lord Elcho, and then faced towards the platform, the prize winners several paces in advance.

Lady Elcho then stepped forward and said, before presenting the prizes she desired to express her extreme pleasure at meeting the corps once more, and wished them, with all her heart, health and happiness during the coming year.

The presentation was then proceeded with. Captain Page read from the prize list the names of the recipients, who severally ascended the platform, and received his trophy from the hands of Lady Elcho, who in each instance, in an appropriate sentence, complimented the fortunate winner.

At the conclusion of the presentation,

Lord Elcho, who was loudly cheered, said he desired to say a few words with reference both to the class-firing and to the state of the regiment. The list of the marksmen in class-firing showed that the science of shooting was becoming steadily developed. This year the highest number of points got was 21, against 17 in 1863, which in 1864 was the third best. In 1863, also, 249 fired in their classes; but this year 240 only had fired, which showed a very satisfactory state of things. And there was, in his opinion, every reason why this should be a satisfactory state of things. They all knew that there was no corps so well off with regard to ranges as the London Scottish—not alone that they were delightfully situated but they were easy of access. He hoped they would be able to keep the ranges, and that any changes contemplated in the Bill to be introduced by Earl Spencer would not interfere with them. He knew that the views of Earl Spencer were liberal in this respect. He had no intention of making Wimbledon common like any of the parks. All he proposed doing was to enclose it against gipsies and donkeys—(laughter)—a movement that he (the noble lord) believed would be very beneficial. (Cheers.)

He was glad to inform them that other prizes had been promised to the corps for the next year. He held in his hand a letter from a gentleman in China, Mr. Walter Scott Riddell, who said that there were a great many Scotchmen in that part of the world who had been in the London Scottish, and they proposed giving a cup, which would be called the "China cup," to be added to the list of prizes. To those gentlemen he therefore considered the corps was greatly indebted. (Cheers.) The noble lord then went on to say there was another member of the London Scottish who had been in the war in China. He was now a Captain Mann. His excellent drill had got him his commission. He was asked by his superior officer where he had become so efficient. He replied "that he had been in the London Scottish," and he was at once promoted. (Laughter.) £10 a year would also be given to the officers and non-commissioned officers' prizes. These prizes had created great interest, and it was proposed that a purse should be given to those making the highest aggregate score. And, next year, assuming these matches were continued, it had been suggested that the new prize of £10 should be formed into a cup to be presented to the highest aggregate score. (Cheers.) With reference to the games committee he sincerely hoped that the games would be kept up during the winter, and that they would be the means of inducing many to join it. As regarded the Wimbledon meeting this year, he was of opinion that one of the most successful things there was the Scotch camp; the only fault was that it was too small; but notwithstanding this, he confessed he never spent a pleasanter evening in his life than when he and Lady Elcho were entertained in that camp. As the corps all knew, the band of the London Scottish had during the meeting been engaged and paid by Lord Grosvenor. It had ably acquitted itself, and upon one occasion had the honour of playing before his royal highness the Prince of Wales. (Cheers.) As regarded the pipes, he thought the corps had something to congratulate themselves in being able to secure such music (laughter)—considering the premium offered for pipes by the chiefs of India. It was music highly appreciated in that country, and he (the noble lord) could only conclude that the people of this country who failed to appreciate its charms must be in a melancholy state of mind. (Laughter and cheers.) Next year, as they all knew, they would lose Colonel M'Murdo, and he was sure that every man in the regiment regretted it. During the five years that gallant officer had been in office he had, as it were, sat by the cradle of the volunteer, and had nursed him to great efficiency; and he was sure that there was not a volunteer but would readily contribute his mite of acknowledgment of such services. (Cheers.) Colonel M'Murdo would be succeeded by Colonel Brinkley, from whom a better man could not have been found, for he had been drilled by the retiring inspector-general. The London Scottish would next year be inspected by Colonel Brinkley, and he (Lord Elcho) hoped that they would not lose the character they had deserved from Colonel M'Murdo. The noble lord then concluded by cordially endorsing the kind expressions uttered by Lady Elcho, and sat down amidst the cheers of the regiment.

The band afterwards played, in excellent style, "Auld Lang Syne," and the company gradually dispersed.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF A NEWCASTLE TRADESMAN.

DURING the past few days rumours have been afloat in Newcastle concerning the mysterious disappearance from the town of Mr. James Elliott, chemist and druggist, Pilgrim-street. All sorts of reports have been spread by busy tongues, and surmises of the most exaggerated nature have been made by persons whose speculations extend little further than the news of the day. It would appear that on Tuesday afternoon, about five o'clock, Mr. Elliott was in the George Inn, Pilgrim-street, with a friend, where they stayed only a short time, when Mr. Elliott returned to his shop, which is near the hostelry named. About half-past six o'clock on the same evening Mr. Elliott again visited the George Inn, when he was accompanied by two friends, Mr. L'Anson and Mr. Thompson. The party stayed at the hotel some twenty minutes, or thereabouts, and seven o'clock being near, the time at which he usually closed his shop, Mr. Elliott told his friends to wait where they were until he saw to the locking-up of his premises. For this purpose he left the hotel, as his friends believed, and which proved to be the case, and he told the shop boy to put up the shutters. The shop boy did as he was bid, and saw his master cross Pilgrim-street and turn the corner into Mosley-street. From that time until the present nothing has been seen or heard of him. His friends waited for more than half an hour in the George Hotel for his return, and then sent a servant girl to inquire if he was coming back, but she could learn nothing, and as they had made an appointment with Mr. Elliott to go to a Masouie lodge—all these gentlemen being Freemasons—they did not await his return any longer. Mr. Elliott not going to his house at Bayview-terrace, Gateshead, during the night, his wife became alarmed, and inquiries concerning him were made at the various Newcastle and Gateshead police-stations, but no intelligence could be learned at either of those places of the missing gentleman. It was his custom—and it would not seem an advisable custom—to carry to his residence in Gateshead the money taken in the shop during the day, and from that fact many people infer that the money he would carry with him on Tuesday night may have tempted the cupidity of some villainous characters who were aware of the circumstance, and who, while robbing their victim, may have murdered him, and thrown the body into the river from the High Level Bridge. We sincerely hope that such may prove not to be the case. At one time the Newcastle police intended to drag the river with grappling irons, to see if they could discover whether the latter surmise had any foundation; but this will not be done until to-morrow. Mr. Elliott is about thirty-five years of age, 5ft. 6in. or 5ft. 7in. in stature, of a fair complexion, with whiskers, and rather bald on the front of the head. He is well known in Newcastle and Gateshead, and is very highly respected for the urbanity of his manners, and for his gentlemanlike demeanour, as well as for his modest, unassuming disposition. He has a wife and two children. Not the least cause seems to suggest itself for any voluntary flight, as Mr. Elliott was a thriving and prosperous tradesman, well to do, and had every prospect of success before him. His books have been examined and have been found in perfect order, and his business arrangements appear to have been everything that might be desired. These facts, therefore, only the more strongly impress people with the idea that foul play has been used towards him. —Newcastle Chronicle.

The mystery which surrounded this affair has been very fortunately cleared up by the return of Mr. Elliott to his wife and family on Sunday. It appears that Mr. Elliott, on Tuesday evening week, was called away suddenly to the south of England, and his message intimating this miscarried; hence the employment of the police and the alarm which was caused in the public mind by his absence.

ANOTHER BRACE OF BORES.—Next to the man who is continually asking you the price of everything you have, there is no greater bore, perhaps, than the man who is incessantly telling you the price (down to the very glass of wine you are drinking) of everything he has got.

NORTH MIDDLESEX RIFLES.—On Monday night the fourth annual distribution of prizes took place at St. Pancras Vestry-hall, under the presidency of Colonel M'Murdo, Inspector-General of Volunteers. The hall was quite crowded on the occasion. Amongst those present were Mr. H. Lewis, M.P. Colonel Whitehead, the colonel of the North Middlesex Rifles, &c. The proceedings were opened by Colonel Whitehead, who said that they were met on the occasion for the distribution of prize amongst the best shots; but though to be a good shot was a valuable part of their duty, it was still more important that the corps should be well drilled; and they had the satisfaction of knowing that the North Middlesex Rifles had been complimented by the inspector-general on the efficiency of their drill. Colonel M'Murdo corroborated what had been said by Colonel Whitehead as to the efficiency of drill, and said it was gratifying to see so large a meeting of the friends of the volunteers. It was gratifying to find that the popularity of the movement was not diminished, and that for those who retired from the force still larger numbers were coming in. The population from which the North Middlesex corps was drawn amounted to 200,000, and if only one in every ten capable of bearing arms became a volunteer they ought to have a force of 5,000. He regarded the present corps, therefore, as merely a sample of the force that would be ready to come forward if the occasion which demanded their service arose. Allusion had been made to the distinction between good shooting and good drilling, but he was happy to say that the North Middlesex combined both qualifications. (Cheers.) The distribution of prizes, of which there were more than fifty, was then proceeded with. The band of the corps was in attendance during the proceedings.

Varieties.

WHY is sucking your thumb a convenient luxury?—Because it is always at hand.

THE best adhesive label you can put on luggage is to stick to it yourself.

WHY is a person with the lumbago like a man smoking a cheap cigar?—Because his back is bad (baccy's bad).

THE LIMITS OF FEMALE FORGIVENESS.—A woman will forgive anything in a rival, excepting her being prettier than herself.

MANY ladies think themselves unable to walk a mile, who gladly dance three times that distance.

PHYSICIANS carry a cheerful countenance to the bedside, buoyant with hope; it is better than medicine. The sick often need courage more than physic.

A VERY ignorant person was complimented on his good sense in the presence of a clever lady. "I don't wonder," said she, "at his possessing a large stock of good sense, he never spends any."

TALENTS without the accompaniment of religion are but fatal presents; they not only add strength to the vices of the individual, but what is worse, they render them more conspicuous to the world.

A LAWYER'S NAME.—A lawyer wrote *ransal* in the hat of a brother lawyer, who, on discovering it, entered a complaint in open court against the trespasser, who, he said, had not only taken his hat, but had written his own name in it.

A ROBBER.—Jim was detected in a plagiarism of some of Hood's writings. A person expressed his surprise that he should all at once become a thief. "Oh," remarked a bystander, "for the last ten years he's been a *Robin Hood*."

VERY OBSERVANT.—There is a lady in the upper part of New York so modest that she will not undress until a newspaper her mother subscribes to is removed from the room. The name of the paper is the *Observer*.

A LITTLE girl was told to "s. ell ferment," and gave its meaning with a sentence in which it was used. The following was literally her answer:—"Fer-ment-s. ell, a verb, signifying to work. I love to ferment in the garden."

A LEARNED INQUIRER.—Mr. Holwell, who wrote a very learned account of the doctrines of the Gnostics, is at great pains to solve the reason why the fishes were not drowned at the general deluge.

A GREAT boaster was vaunting that he had travelled all over the known world. "Upon my word, gentlemen," concluded he, "I have been to the very end of the earth; one step farther, and I should have trod upon nothing."

To put ourselves in a passion, in consequence of the misconduct of others, is unquestionably very weak behaviour, but it has also something very generous about it; for we are clearly annoying and punishing ourselves when the offenders ought only to be the sufferers.

SIMPLICITY.—A very simple gentleman, whose wife was just confined, meeting a friend in the street, and relating the circumstance, asked him to guess the sex of the infant; upon which the friend said, "A girl?"—"No; guess again."—"A boy?"—"Oh, now I *somebody* told you!"

LITTLE PEOPLE.—The little folks be, the bigger they talk. You never read a small man that didn't wear high-heeled boots and a high-crowned hat, and that wasn't ready to fight most any one, to show he was a man, every inch of him.—Sam Slick.

A CHESHIRE auctioneer, while engaged in his vocation, thus exalted the merits of a carpet:—"Gentlemen and ladies, some folks sell carpets for Brussels, but I can most positively assure you that this elegant article was made by Mr. Brussels himself."

A CONJUGIAL COMPLIMENT.—A lady walking with her husband at the sea-side, inquired the difference between *exportation* and *transportation*. "Why, my dear," he replied, "if you were on *yonder vessel*, leaving England, you would be *exported*, and I should be *transported*!"

MATRIMONIAL CHANGE.—A lady, who was very modest and taciturn before marriage, was observed by a friend to use her tongue pretty freely afterwards. "There was a time," said he, "when I almost imagined she had none." "Yes," said the husband, with a sigh, "but it's very long since."

FASTIDIOUS.—The young lady who ordered the servant to turn all beggars from the door unheeded, refused to light a candle on Sunday night, because it was *wicked* (wickless). Mrs. Blower says she thinks her beau was there at the time. What a snigger!

CAUTION TO THE LADIES.—Mr. Charles James Fox, who advertises for a wife in the *Evening Star*, says he is handsome and rich; don't believe him. His handsome consists of a turn-up nose, and his wealth in a turn-up bedstead. Ladies, beware!—*New York Paper*.

MEANNESS and conceit are frequently combined in the same character; for he who, to obtain transient applause, can be indifferent to truth and his own dignity, will be as little scrupulous about them if, by subservience, he can improve his position in the world.

ANAGRAMS.

- |              |                   |
|--------------|-------------------|
| Lawyers      | Sty ware          |
| Astronomers  | Moon starers.     |
| Telegraphs   | Great helps.      |
| Gallantries  | All great sin.    |
| Penitentiary | May, I repent it. |
| Persists     | Stripes.          |
| Punishment   | Nice thumps.      |

TWO SIDES TO A SPEECH.—Charles Lamb, sitting next some chattering woman at dinner, observing she didn't attend to her, "You don't seem," said the lady, "to be at all the better for what I am saying to you!"—"No, ma'am," he answered, "but this gentleman on the side of me must for it all came in at one ear and went out at the other!"

FIXED ATTENTION.—A mercantile man of Foote's acquaintance had written a poem, and

exacted a promise that Foote would listen to it, but he dropped off before the end of the first pompous line, "Hear me, O Phoebus, and ye Muses nine!" "Pray, pray be attentive, Mr. Foote," "I am," said Foote. "Nine and one are ten; go on."

"THE BLOOD PURIFIER."—OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SANGARILLA.—It acts specially on the blood, and hence is the only medicine that has received the name of "The Blood Purifier." It clears the face and the body from all blotches and pimples, purges from the system the taint of mercury, and gives new blood and life to the invalid. Mothers should use it for the sake of their infants, and no sea captain or emigrant should be without it on the sea voyage. Sold everywhere. Chief Depot 181, Fleet-street, London. Important Caution: See that you get the blue and red wrappers with the old Doctor's head in the centre. None others genuine.—(Advertisement.)

TEETH.—DENTRO-EDON.

A NEW system of Dentistry, whereby all pain is avoided in supplying artificial TEETH and FLEXIBLE GUMS, without springs, to answer in every particular the purpose of natural teeth, from 24s. the set. Teeth from 5s. Messrs. GARRIE & Co., Diploma 18 5. Addresses.—West-end: 27, Harley-street, Cavendish-square. City: 134, Duke-street, New-lantern, near the railway-bridge. Liverpool: 134, Duke-street, New-lantern, near the railway-bridge. Complete Sets of Teeth from four guineas the set.

BRODIE'S SPEEDY CURE.

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